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The Maid of Orleans

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

52613
ac

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.

POET LAUREATE,

AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY.

VOL. I.

JOAN OF ARC.

VOL. I.

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TO

EDITH SOUTHEY.

EDITH! I brought thee late a humble gift,
The songs of earlier youth; it was a wreath
With many an unripe blossom garlanded
And many a weed, yet mingled with some flowers
Which will not wither. Dearest! now I bring
A worthier offering; thou wilt prize it well,
For well thou know'st amid what painful cares
My solace was in this: and tho' to me
There is no music in the hollowness
Of common praise, yet well content am I
Now to look back upon my youth's green prime,
Nor idly, nor unprofitably past,
Imping in such adventurous essay
The wing, and strengthening it for steadier flight.

1797.

PREFACE.

THE history of JOAN OF ARC is as mysterious as it is remarkable. That she believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert; and it is difficult to believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Dunois. That she discovered the King when he disguised himself among the courtiers to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from a tomb in the church of St. Catharine, are facts in which all historians agree. If this had been done by collusion, the Maid must have known herself an impostor, and with that knowledge could not have performed the enterprize

she undertook. Enthusiasm, and that of no common kind, was necessary, to enable a young maiden at once to assume the profession of arms, to lead her troops to battle, to fight among the foremost, and to subdue with an inferior force an enemy then believed invincible. It is not possible that one who felt herself the puppet of a party, could have performed these things. The artifices of a court could not have persuaded her that she discovered Charles in disguise; nor could they have prompted her to demand the sword which they might have hidden, without discovering the deceit. The Maid then was not knowingly an impostor; nor could she have been the instrument of the court; and to say that she believed herself inspired, will neither account for her singling out the King, or prophetically claiming the sword. After crowning Charles, she declared that her mission was accomplished, and demanded leave to retire. Enthusiasm would not have ceased here; and if they

who imposed on her could persuade her still to go with their armies, they could still have continued her delusion.

This mysteriousness renders the story of JOAN OF ARC peculiarly fit for poetry. The aid of angels and devils is not necessary to raise her above mankind; she has no gods to lackey her, and inspire her with courage, and heal her wounds: the Maid of Orleans acts wholly from the workings of her own mind, from the deep feeling of inspiration. The palpable agency of superior powers would destroy the obscurity of her character, and sink her to the mere heroine of a fairy tale.

The alterations which I have made in the history are few and trifling. The death of Salisbury is placed later, and of the Talbots earlier than they occurred. As the battle of Patay is the concluding action of the Poem, I have given it all the previous solemnity of a settled engagement. What-

ever appears miraculous, is asserted in history, and my authorities will be found in the notes.

It is the common fault of Epic Poems, that we feel little interest for the heroes they celebrate. The national vanity of a Greek or a Roman might have been gratified by the renown of Achilles or Æneas; but to engage the unprejudiced, there must be more of human feelings than is generally to be found in the character of a warrior. From this objection, the Odyssey alone may be excepted. Ulysses appears as the father and the husband, and the affections are enlisted on his side. The judgment must applaud the well-digested plan and splendid execution of the Iliad, but the heart always bears testimony to the merit of the Odyssey: it is the poem of nature, and its personages inspire love rather than command admiration. The good herdsman Eumæus is worth a thousand heroes! Homer is, indeed, the best of poets, for he is at

once dignified and simple; but Pope has disguised him in fop-finery, and Cowper has stripped him naked.

There are few readers who do not prefer Turnus to Æneas; a fugitive, suspected of treason, who negligently left his wife, seduced Dido, deserted her, and then forcibly took Lavinia from her betrothed husband. What avails a man's piety to the gods, if in all his dealings with men he prove himself a villain? If we represent Deity as commanding a bad action, this is not exculpating the man, but criminating the God.

The ill chosen subjects of Lucan and Statius have prevented them from acquiring the popularity they would otherwise have merited; yet in detached parts, the former of these is perhaps unequalled, certainly unexcelled. I do not scruple to prefer Statius to Virgil; with inferior taste, he appears to me to possess a richer and more powerful imagination; his images are strongly conceived, and clearly

painted, and the force of his language, while it makes the reader feel, proves that the author felt himself.

The power of story is strikingly exemplified in the Italian heroic poets. They please universally, even in translations, when little but the story remains. In proportioning his characters, Tasso has erred; Godfrey is the hero of the poem, Rinaldo of the poet, and Tancred of the reader. Secondary characters should not be introduced, like Gyas and Cloanthus, merely to fill a procession; neither should they be so prominent as to throw the principal into shade.

The lawless magic of Ariosto, and the singular theme as well as the singular excellence of Milton, render it impossible to deduce any rules of epic poetry from these authors. So likewise with Spenser, the favourite of my childhood, from whose frequent perusal I have always found increased delight.

Against the machinery of Camoens, a heavier charge must be brought than that of profaneness or incongruity. His floating island is but a floating brothel, and no beauty can make atonement for licentiousness. From this accusation, none but a translator would attempt to justify him; but Camoens had the most able of translators. The Lusiad, though excellent in parts, is uninteresting as a whole: it is read with little emotion, and remembered with little pleasure. But it was composed in the anguish of disappointed hopes, in the fatigues of war, and in a country far from all he loved; and we should not forget, that as the Poet of Portugal was among the most unfortunate of men, so he should be ranked among the most respectable. Neither his own country or Spain has yet produced his equal: his heart was broken by calamity, but the spirit of integrity and independence never forsook Camoens.

I have endeavoured to avoid what appears to

me the common fault of Epic poems, and to render the Maid of Orleans interesting. With this intent I have given her, not the passion of love, but the remembrance of subdued affection, a lingering of human feelings not inconsistent with the enthusiasm and holiness of her character.

The multitude of obscure Epic writers copy with the most gross servility their ancient models. If a tempest occurs, some envious spirit procures it from the god of the winds or the god of the sea: is there a town besieged? the eyes of the hero are opened, and he beholds the powers of Heaven assisting in the attack; an angel is at hand to heal his wounds, and the leader of the enemy in his last combat is seized with the sudden cowardice of Hector. Even Tasso is too often an imitator. But notwithstanding the censure of a satyrist, the name of Tasso will still be ranked among the best heroic poets. Perhaps Boileau only condemned him for the sake of an antithesis; it is with such writers, as with

those who affect point in their conversation, they will always sacrifice truth to the gratification of their vanity.

I have avoided what seems useless and wearying in other poems, and my readers will find no description of armour, no muster-rolls, no geographical catalogues, lion, tyger, bull, bear and boar similes, Phœbuses or Auroras. And where in battle I have particularized the death of an individual, it is not I hope like the common lists of killed and wounded.

In Millin's National Antiquities of France, I find that M. Laverdy was in 1791 occupied in collecting whatever has been written concerning the Maid of Orleans. I have anxiously expected his work, but it is probable, considering the tumults of the intervening period, that it has not been accomplished. Of the various productions to the memory of JOAN OF ARC, I have only collected a few titles, and, if report may be trusted, need not fear a heavier con-

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JOAN OF ARC.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THERE was high feasting held at Vaucouleur,
For old Sir Robert had a noble guest,
The Bastard Orleans; and the festive hours,
Cheer'd with the Trobador's sweet minstrelsy,
Pass'd lightly at his hospitable board.
But not to share the hospitable board
And hear sweet minstrelsy, Dunois had sought
Sir Robert's hall; he came to rouse Lorraine,
And glean what force the wasting war had left
For one last effort. Little had the war
Left in Lorraine, but age, and youth unripe
For slaughter yet, and widows, and young maids
Of widow'd loves. And now with his high guest
The Lord of Vaucouleur sat communing

On what might profit France, and knew no hope,
Despairing of his country, when he heard
An old man and a maid awaited him
In the castle hall. He knew the old man well,
His vassal Claude, and at his bidding Claude
Approach'd, and after meet obeisance made,
Bespake Sir Robert.

" Good my Lord, I come
" With a strange tale; I pray you pardon me
" If it should seem impertinent, and like
" An old man's weakness. But, in truth, this Maid
" Hath with such boding thoughts impress'd my heart,
" I think I could not longer sleep in peace
" Denying what she sought. She saith that God
" Bids her go drive the Englishmen from France!—
" Her parents mock at her and call her craz'd,
" And father Regnier says she is possess'd;..
" But I, who know that never thought of ill
" Found entrance in her heart,.. for good my Lord,
" From her first birth-day she hath been to me

" As mine own child,.. and I am an old man,
" And have seen many moon-struck in my time,
" And some who were by evil spirits vex'd,..
" I, Sirs, do think that there is more in this...
" And who can tell if, in these perilous times,
" It should please God,...but hear the Maid yourselves,
" For if, as I believe, this is of Heaven,
" My silly speech doth wrong it."

While he spake
Curious they mark'd the Damsel. She appear'd
Of eighteen years; there was no bloom of youth
Upon her cheek, yet had the loveliest hues
Of health with lesser fascination fix'd
The gazer's eye; for wan the Maiden was,
Of saintly paleness, and there seem'd to dwell
In the strong beauties of her countenance
Something that was not earthly.

" I have heard
" Of this your niece's malady," replied
The Lord of Vaucouleur, " that she frequents

" The loneliest haunts and deepest solitude,
" Estranged from human kind and human cares
" With loathing like to madness. It were best
" To place her with some pious sisterhood,
" Who duly morn and eve for her soul's health
" Soliciting Heaven, may likeliest remedy
" The stricken mind, or frenzied or possess'd."

So as Sir Robert ceas'd, the Maiden cried,
" I am not mad. Possess'd indeed I am!
" The hand of GOD is strong upon my soul,
" And I have wrestled vainly with the LORD,
" And stubbornly I fear me. I can save
" This country, Sir! I can deliver France!
" Yea..I must save the country! GOD is in me..
" I speak not, think not, feel not of myself.
" HE knew and sanctified me ere my birth,
" HE to the nations hath ordained me,
" And whither HE shall send me, I must go,
" And whatso HE commands, that I must speak,

" And whatso is HIS will, that I must do,
" And I must cast away all fear of man
" Lest HE in wrath confound me.

At the first
With pity or with scorn Dunois had heard
The Maid inspir'd; but now he in his heart
Felt that misgiving which precedes belief
In what was disbeliev'd and scoff'd at late
As folly. " Damsel!" said the Chief, " methinks
" It would be wisely done to doubt this call,
" Haply of some ill spirit prompting thee
" To self destruction."

" Doubt!" the maid exclaim'd,
" It were as easy when I gaze around
" On all this fair variety of things,
" Green fields and tufted woods, and the blue depth
" Of heaven, and yonder glorious sun, to doubt
" Creating wisdom! when in the evening gale
" I breathe the mingled odours of the spring,
" And hear the wild wood melody, and hear

" The populous air vocal with insect life,
" To doubt God's goodness! there are feelings Chief
" That may not lie; and I have oftentimes
" Felt in the midnight silence of my soul
" The call of GOD."
They listen'd to the Maid,
And they almost believ'd. Then spake Dunois,
" Wilt thou go with me Maiden to the King
" And there announce thy mission?" thus he said
For thoughts of politic craftiness arose
Within him, and his unconfirmed faith
Determin'd to prompt action. She replied,
" Therefore I sought the Lord of Vaucouleur,
" That with such credence as prevents delay,
" He to the king might send me. Now beseech you
" Speed our departure."
Then Dunois address'd
Sir Robert, " fare thee well my friend and host!
" It were ill done to linger here when Heaven
" Hath sent such strange assistance. Let what force

" Lorraine can yield to Chinon follow us;
" And with the tidings of this holy Maid,
" Rais'd up by GOD, fill thou the country; soon
" The country shall awake as from the sleep
" Of death. Now Maid! depart we at thy will."

" GOD's blessing go with thee!" exclaim'd old Claude,
" Good Angels guard my girl!" and as he spake
The tears stream'd fast adown his aged cheeks.
" And if I do not live to see thee more,
" As sure I think I shall not, yet sometimes
" Remember thine old Uncle. I have lov'd thee
" Even from thy childhood *JOAN!* and I shall lose
" The comfort of mine age in losing thee.
" But GOD be with thee Child!"
Nor was the Maid,
Tho' all subdued of soul, untroubled now
In that sad parting; . .but she calm'd herself,
Painfully keeping down her heart, and said,
" Comfort thyself, my Uncle, with the thought

" Of what I am, and for what enterprize
" Chosen from among the people. Oh be sure
" I shall remember thee, in whom I found
" A parent's love, when parents were unkind!
" And when the ominous broodings of my soul
" Were scoff'd and made a mock of by all else,
" Thou for thy love didst hear me and believe.
" Shall I forget these things?"... By this Dunois
Had arm'd, the steeds stood ready at the gate;
But then she fell upon the old man's neck
And cried, " Pray for me!.. I shall need thy prayers!
" Pray for me that I fail not in my hour!"
Thereat awhile, as if some aweful thought
Had overpower'd her, on his neck she hung;
Then rising with flush'd cheek and kindling eye,
" Farewell!" quoth she, " and live in hope! anon
" Thou shalt hear tidings to rejoice thy heart,
" Tidings of joy for all, but most for thee!
" Be this thy comfort!" The old man receiv'd
Her last embrace, and weeping like a child

Scarcely thro' tears could see them on their steeds
Spring up and go their way.
So on they went,
And now along the mountain's winding path
Upward they journey'd slow, and now they paus'd
And gaz'd where o'er the plain the stately towers
Of Vaucouleur arose, in distance seen,
Dark and distinct; below the castled height,
Thro' fair and fertile pastures, the deep Meuse
Roll'd glittering on. Domremi's cottages
Gleam'd in the sun hard by, white cottages,
That in the evening traveller's weary mind
Had waken'd thoughts of comfort and of home,
Till his heart ach'd for rest. But on one spot,
One little spot, the Virgin's eye was fix'd,
Her native Arc; embower'd the hamlet lay
Upon the forest edge, whose ancient woods,
With all their infinite varieties,
Now form'd a mass of shade. The distant plain
Rose on the horizon rich with pleasant groves,

And vine-yards in the greenest hue of spring,
And streams now hidden on their winding way,
Now issuing forth in light.

The Maiden gaz'd
Till all grew dim upon her dizzy eye,
" O what a blessed world were this!" she cried,
" But that the great and honourable men
" Have seiz'd the earth, and of the heritage
" Which God, the Sire of all, to all had given,
" Disherited their brethren! happy those
" Who in the after days shall live when Time
" Hath spoken, and the multitude of years
" Taught wisdom to mankind! unhappy France!
" Fiercer than evening wolves thy bitter foes
" Rush o'er the land and desolate and kill;
" Long has the widow's and the orphan's groan
" Accus'd Heaven's justice;—but the hour is come;
" God hath inclin'd his ear, hath heard the voice
" Of mourning, and his anger is gone forth."

Then said the Son of Orleans, " Holy Maid!
" Fain would I know, if blameless I may seek
" Such knowledge, how the heavenly call was heard
" First in thy waken'd soul; nor deem in me
" Aught idly curious, if of thy past days
" I ask the detail. In the hour of age,
" If haply I survive to see this realm
" By thee deliver'd, dear will be the thought
" That I have seen the delegated Maid,
" And heard from her the wonderous ways of Heaven."

" A simple tale," the mission'd Maid replied,
" Yet may it well employ the journeying hour
" And pleasant is the memory of the past."

" Seest thou, Sir Chief, where yonder forest skirts
" The Meuse, that in its winding mazes shows
" As on the farther bank the distant towers
" Of Vaucouleur? there in the hamlet Arc
" My father's dwelling stands; a lowly hut,

" Yet nought of needful comfort did it lack,
" For in Lorraine there lived no kinder Lord
" Than old Sir Robert, and my father Jaques
" In flocks and herds was rich. A toiling man
" Intent on worldly gains, one in whose heart
" Affection had no root. I never knew
" A parent's love; for harsh my mother was,
" And deem'd the cares which infancy demands
" Irksome, and ill-repaid. Severe they were,
" And would have made me fear them, but my soul
" Possess'd the germ of steady fortitude,
" And stubbornly I bore unkind rebuke
" And wrathful chastisement. Yet was the voice
" That spake in tones of tenderness most sweet
" To my young heart; how have I felt it leap
" With transport, when mine Uncle Claude approach'd!
" For he would place me on his knee, and tell
" The wonderous tales that childhood loves to hear,
" Listening with eager eyes and open lips
" Devoutly in attention. Good old man!

" Oh if I ever pour'd a prayer to Heaven
" Unhallow'd by the grateful thought of him,
" Methinks the righteous winds would scatter it!
" He was a parent to me, and his home
" Was mine, when in advancing years I found
" No peace, no comfort in my father's house.
" With him I pass'd the pleasant evening hours,
" By day I drove my father's flock afield
" And this was happiness.
" Amid these wilds
" Often to summer pasture have I driven
" The flock; and well I know these mountain wilds,
" And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream
" Is dear to memory. I have laid me down
" Beside yon valley stream, that up the ascent
" Scarce sends the sound of waters now, and watch'
" The beck roll glittering to the noon-tide sun,
" And listened to its ceaseless murmuring,
" Till all was hush'd and tranquil in my soul,
" Fill'd with a strange and undefin'd delight

" That pass'd across the mind like summer clouds
" Over the lake at eve, their fleeting hues
" The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,
" Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
" How lovely."

" Here in solitude and peace
" My soul was nurst, amid the loveliest scenes
" Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was
" As the white mists of morning roll'd away
" To see the mountain's wooded heights appear
" Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope
" With gorse-flowers glowing, as the rising sun
" On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light.
" Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
" To lie me down, and watch the floating clouds,
" And shape to Fancy's wild similitudes
" Their ever-varying forms; and oh how sweet!
" To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
" And hasten to our little hut, and hear
" The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.

" Amid the village playmates of my youth
" Was one whom riper years approv'd a friend.
" A gentle maid was my poor Madelon,
" I lov'd her as a sister, and long time
" Her undivided tenderness possess'd,
" Till that a better and a holier tie
" Gave her one nearer friend; and then my heart
" Partook her happiness, for never lived
" A happier pair than Arnaud and his wife.

" Lorraine was call'd to arms, and with her youth
" Went Arnaud to the war. The morn was fair,
" Bright shone the sun, the birds sung cheerfully,
" And all the fields look'd lovely in the spring;
" But to Domremi wretched was that day,
" For there was lamentation, and the voice
" Of anguish, and the deeper agony
" That spake not. Never will my heart forget
" The feelings that shot thro' me, when the horn
" Gave its last call, and through the castle-gate

" The banner moved, and from the clinging arms
" Which hung on them, as for a last embrace
" Sons, brethren, husbands went.

" More frequent now
" Sought I the converse of poor Madelon,
" For now she needed friendship's soothing voice.
" All the long summer did she live in hope
" Of tidings from the war; and as at eve
" She with her mother by the cottage door
" Sat in the sunshine, if a traveller
" Appear'd at distance coming o'er the brow,
" Her eye was on him, and it might be seen
" By the flush'd cheek what thoughts were in her heart,
" And by the deadly paleness which ensued
" How her heart died within her. So the days
" And weeks and months pass'd on, and when the leaves
" Fell in the autumn, a most painful hope
" That reason own'd not, that with expectation
" Did never cheer her as she rose at morn,
" Still linger'd in her heart, and still at night

" Made disappointment dreadful. Winter came,
" But Arnaud never from the war return'd,
" He far away had perish'd; and when late
" The tidings of his certain death arriv'd,
" Sore with long anguish underneath that blow
" She sunk. Then would she sit and think all day
" Upon the past, and talk of happiness
" That never would return, as tho' she found
" Best solace in the thoughts which minister'd
" To sorrow: and she lov'd to see the sun
" Go down, because another day was gone,
" And then she might retire to solitude
" And wakeful recollections, or perchance
" To sleep more wearying far than wakefulness,
" Dreams of his safety and return, and starts
" Of agony; so neither night nor day
" Could she find rest, but pin'd and pin'd away.

" DEATH! to the happy thou art terrible,
" But how the wretched love to think of thee

" O thou true comforter, the friend of all
" Who have no friend beside! " By the sick bed
" Of Madelon I sate, when sure she felt
" The hour of her deliverance drawing near;
" I saw her eye kindle with heavenly hope,
" I had her latest look of earthly love,
" I felt her hand's last pressure. . . .Son of Orleans!
" I would not wish to live to know that hour,
" When I could think upon a dear friend dead,
" And weep not.

" I remember as her bier
" Went to the grave, a lark sprung up aloft,
" And soar'd amid the sunshine carolling
" So full of joy, that to the mourner's ear
" More mournfully than dirge or passing bell,
" His joyful carol came, and made us feel
" That of the multitude of beings, none
" But man was wretched.

" Then my soul awoke,
" For it had slumber'd long in happiness,

" And never feeling misery, never thought
" What others suffer. I, as best I might,
" Solaced the keen regret of Elinor;
" And much my cares avail'd, and much her son's,
" On whom, the only comfort of her age
" She center'd now her love. A younger birth,
" Aged nearly as myself was Theodore,
" An ardent youth, who with the kindest cares
" Had sooth'd his sister's sorrows. We had knelt
" By her death-bed together, and no bond
" In closer union knits two human hearts
" Than fellowship in grief.
" It chanced as once
" Beside the fire of Elinor I sate,
" The night was comfortless, the loud blast howl'd,
" And as we drew around the social hearth,
" We heard the rain beat hard: driven by the storm
" A warrior mark'd our distant taper's light;
" We heapt the fire, and spread the friendly board.
" The storm beats hard;" the stranger cried: "safe hous'd

" Pleasant it is to hear the pelting rain.
" I too were well content to dwell in peace,
" Resting my head upon the lap of Love,
" But that my country calls. When the winds roar,
" Remember sometimes what a soldier suffers,
" And think on Conrade."

" Theodore replied,
" Success go with thee! Something we have known
" Of war, and tasted its calamity;
" And I am well content to dwell in peace,
" Albeit inglorious, thanking that good God
" Who made me to be happy."

" Did that God"
" Cried Conrade, " form thy heart for happiness,
" When Desolation royally careers
" Over thy wretched country? did that God
" Form thee for Peace when Slaughter is abroad,
" When her brooks run with blood, and Rape, and Murder,
" Stalk thro' her flaming towns? live thou in peace

" Young man! my heart is human: I do feel
" For what my brethren suffer." While he spake
" Such mingled passions character'd his face
" Of fierce and terrible benevolence,
" That I did tremble as I listen'd to him:
" And in my heart tumultuous thoughts arose
" Of high atchievements, indistinct, and wild,
" And vast, yet such they were as made me pant
" As tho' by some divinity possess'd.

" But is there not some duty due to those
" We love?" said Theodore; " Is there an employ
" More righteous than to cheer declining age,
" And thus with filial tenderness repay
" Parental care?"
" Hard is it," Conrade cried,
" Aye, hard indeed, to part from those we love;
" And I have suffer'd that severest pang.
" I have left an aged mother; I have left

" One, upon whom my heart has center'd all
" Its dearest, best, affections. Should I live
" Till France shall see the blessed hour of Peace,
" I shall return: my heart will be content,
" My highest duties will be well discharged
" And I may then be happy. There are those
" Who deem these thoughts the fancies of a mind
" Strict beyond measure, and were well content,
" If I should soften down my rigid nature
" Even to inglorious ease, to honour me.
" But pure of heart and high of self-esteem
" I must be honoured by myself: all else,
" The breath of Fame, is as the unsteady wind
" Worthless."

" So saying from his belt he took
" The encumbering sword. I held it, listening to him
" And wistless what I did, half from the sheath
" Drew forth its glittering blade. I gazed upon it
" And shuddering, as I touch'd its edge, exclaim'd,
" How horrible it is with the keen sword

" To gore the finely-fibred human frame!
" I could not strike a lamb."
" He answer'd me
" Maiden thou hast said well. I could not strike
" A lamb, . .But when the invader's savage fury
" Spares not grey age, and mocks the infant's shriek
" As it doth writhe upon his cursed lance,
" And forces to his foul embrace, the wife
" Even on her murder'd husband's gasping corse!
" Almighty God! I should not be a man
" If I did let one weak and pitiful feeling
" Make mine arm impotent to cleave him down.
" Think well of this, young Man!" he cried and seiz'd
" The hand of Theodore; " think well of this,
" As you are human, as you hope to live
" In peace, amid the dearest joys of home;
" Think well of this! you have a tender mother,
" As you do wish that she may die in peace,
" As you would even to madness agonize
" To hear this maiden call on you in vain

" For aid, and see her dragg'd, and hear her scream
" In the blood-reeking soldier's lustful arms,
" Think that there are such horrors; that even now,
" Some city flames, and haply as in Roan,
" Some famish'd babe on his dead mother's breast
" Yet hangs and pulls for food!..woe be to those
" By whom the evil comes! and woe to him, ..
" For little less his guilt, . .who dwells in peace,
" When every arm is needed for the strife!"

" When we had all betaken us to rest,
" Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolv'd
" The high-soul'd warrior's speech. Then Madelon
" Rose in remembrance; over her the grave
" Had clos'd; her sorrows were not register'd
" In the rolls of Fame: but when the tears run down
" The widow's cheek, shall not her cry be heard
" In Heaven against the oppressor? will not God
" In sunder smite the unmerciful, and break
" The sceptre of the wicked? .. thoughts like these

" Possess'd my soul, till at the break of day
" I slept; nor did my heated brain repose
" Even then, for visions, sent, as I believe,
" From the Most High, arose. A high-tower'd town
" Hemmed in and girt with enemies, I saw,
" Where Famine on a heap of carcases,
" Half envious of the unutterable feast,
" Mark'd the gorged raven clog his beak with gore.
" I turn'd me then to the besieger's camp,
" And there was revelry: the loud lewd laugh
" Burst on mine ear, and I beheld the chiefs
" Sit at their feast, and plan the work of death.
" My soul grew sick within me; I look'd up,
" Reproaching Heaven, . . lo! from the clouds an arm
" As of the avenging Angel was put forth,
" And from his hand a sword, like lightning, fell.

" From that night I could feel my burthen'd soul
" Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.
" I sate in silence, musing on the days

" To come, unheeding and unseeing all
" Around me, in that dreaminess of thought
" When every bodily sense is as it slept,
" And the mind alone is wakeful. I have heard
" Strange voices in the evening wind; strange forms
" Dimly discover'd throng'd the twilight air.
" The neighbours wonder'd at the sudden change,
" And call'd me craz'd; and my dear Uncle too,
" Would sit and gaze upon me wistfully,
" A heaviness upon his aged brow,
" And in his eye such trouble, that my heart
" Sometimes misgave me. I had told him all
" The mighty future labouring in my breast,
" But that the hour methought not yet was come.

" At length I heard of Orleans, by the foe
" Wall'd in from human succour; there all thoughts,
" All hopes were turn'd; that bulwark once beat down
" All was the invaders. Now my troubled soul
" Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every eye,
" I lov'd to wander where the forest shade

" Frown'd deepest; there on mightiest deeds to brood
" Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
" Throb loud: anon I paus'd, and in a state
" Of half expectance, listen'd to the wind.

" There is a fountain in the forest call'd
" The fountain of the Fairies: when a child
" With a delightful wonder I have heard
" Tales of the Elfin tribe who on its banks
" Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
" The goodliest of the forest, grows beside;
" Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat,
" By the woods bounded like some little isle.
" It ever hath been deem'd their favourite tree,
" They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
" And bask in moonshine. Here the Woodman leads
" His boy, and shewing him the green-sward mark'd
" With darker circlets, says their midnight dance
" Hath traced the ring, and bids him spare the tree.
" Fancy had cast a spell upon the place

" And made it holy; and the villagers
" Would say that never evil thing approach'd
" Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure
" Which fill'd me by that solitary spring,
" Ceas'd not in riper years; and now it woke
" Deeper delight and more mysterious awe.

" Lonely the forest spring: a rocky hill
" Rises beside it, and an aged yew
" Bursts from the rifted crag that overbrows
" The waters; cavern'd there unseen and slow
" And silently they well. The adder's-tongue,
" Rich with the wrinkles of its glossy green,
" Hangs down its long lank leaves, whose wavy dip
" Just breaks the tranquil surface. Ancient woods
" Bosom the quiet beauties of the place,
" Nor ever sound profanes it, save such sounds
" As Silence loves to hear, the passing wind,
" Or the low murmuring of the stream scarce heard.

" A blessed spot! oh how my soul enjoy'd
" Its holy quietness, with what delight
" Escaping from mankind I hasten'd there
" To solitude and freedom! thitherward
" On a spring eve I had betaken me,
" And there I sate, and mark'd the deep red clouds
" Gather before the wind.. the rising wind,
" Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last,
" Appear'd to rock my senses. Soon the night
" Darken'd around, and the large rain drops fell
" Heavy; anon tempestuously the gale
" Howl'd o'er the wood. Methought the heavy rain
" Fell with a grateful coolness on my head,
" And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
" Of winds that mingled with the forest roar,
" Made a wild music. On a rock I sat,
" The glory of the tempest fill'd my soul;
" And when the thunders peal'd, and the long flash
" Hung durable in heaven, and on my sight
" Spread the grey forest, memory, thought, were gone,

" All sense of self annihilate, I seem'd
" Diffus'd into the scene."
" At length a light
" Approach'd the spring; I saw my Uncle Claude;
" His grey locks dripping with the midnight storm,
" He came, and caught me in his arms, and cried
" My God! my child is safe!"
" I felt his words
" Pierce in my heart; my soul was overcharged,
" I fell upon his neck and told him all;
" GOD was within me, as I felt, I spake,
" And he believ'd.
" Aye, Chieftain, and the world
" Shall soon believe my mission; for the Lord
" Will raise up indignation and pour out
" His wrath, and they shall perish who oppress."

JOAN OF ARC.

THE SECOND BOOK.

AND now beneath the horizon westering slow
Had sunk the orb of day: o'er all the vale
A purple softness spread, save where the tree
Its giant shadow stretch'd, or winding stream
Mirror'd the light of Heaven, still traced distinct
When twilight dimly shrouded all beside.
A grateful coolness freshen'd the calm air,
And the hoarse grasshoppers their evening song
Sung shrill and ceaseless, as the dews of night
Descended. On their way the travellers wend,
Cheering the road with converse, till at length
They mark a cottage lamp whose steady light
Shone thro' the lattice: thitherward they turn.
There came an old man forth: his thin grey locks

Wav'd on the night breeze, and on his shrunk face
The characters of age were written deep.
Them, louting low with rustic courtesy,
He welcom'd in; on the white-ember'd hearth
Heapt up fresh fuel, then with friendly care
Spread out the homely board, and fill'd the bowl
With the red produce of the vine that arch'd
His evening seat; they of the plain repast
Partook, and quaff'd the pure and pleasant draught.

" Straugers, your fare is homely," said their Host,
" But such it is as we poor countrymen
" Earn with hard toil: in faith ye are welcome to it!
" I too have borne a lance in younger days;
" And would that I were young again to meet
" These haughty English in the field of fight;
" Such as I was when on the fatal plain
" Of Agincourt I met them."
" Wert thou then
" A sharer in that dreadful day's defeat?"

Exclaim'd the Bastard: "Didst thou know the Lord
"Of Orleans?"
"Know him!" cried the veteran,
"I saw him ere the bloody fight began
"Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up,
"The long lance quivering in his mighty grasp.
"His eye was wrathful to an enemy,
"But for his countrymen it had a smile
"Would win all hearts. Looking at thee, Sir Knight,
"Methinks I see him now; such was his eye
"Gentle in peace, and such his manly brow."

"No tongue but speaketh honour of that name!"
Exclaimed Dunois. "Strangers and countrymen
"Alike rever'd the good and gallant Chief.
"His vassals like a father lov'd their Lord;
"His gates stood open to the traveller;
"The pilgrim when he saw his towers rejoiced,
"For he had heard in other lands the fame
"Of Orleans...And he lives a prisoner still!

" Losing all hope because my arm so long
" Hath fail'd to win his liberty!"
He turn'd
His head away to hide the burning shame
Which flush'd his face. " But he shall live, Dunois,
Exclaim'd the Mission'd Maid; " but he shall live
" To hear good tidings; hear of liberty,
" Of his own liberty, by his brother's arm
" Atchiev'd in hard-fought battle. He shall live
" Happy: the memory of his prison'd years
" Shall heighten all his joys, and his grey hairs
" Go to the grave in peace."
" I would fain live
" To see that day," replied their aged host:
" How would my heart leap to behold again
" The gallant generous chieftain! I fought by him
" When all the hopes of victory were lost,
" And down his batter'd arms the blood stream'd fast
" From many a wound. Like wolves they hemm'd us in
" Fierce in unhop'd-for conquest: all around

" Our dead and dying countrymen lay heap'd;
" Yet still he strove;—I wonder'd at his valour!
" There was not one who on that fatal day
" Fought bravelier."
" Fatal was that day to France,"
Exclaim'd the Bastard; " there Alençon fell,
" Valiant in vain; there D'Albert, whose mad pride
" Brought the whole ruin on. There fell Brabant,
" Vaudemont, and Marle, and Bar, and Faquenberg,
" Our noblest warriors; the determin'd foe
" Fought for revenge, not hoping victory,
" Desperately brave; ranks fell on ranks before them;
" The prisoners of that shameful day out-numm'd
" Their conquerors!"
" Yet believe not," Bertram cried,
" That cowardice disgraced thy countrymen!
" They by their leaders arrogance led on
" With heedless fury, found all numbers vain,
" All efforts fruitless there; and hadst thou seen,
" Skilful as brave, how Henry's ready eye

" Lost not a thicket, not a hillock's aid;
" From his hersed bowmen how the arrows flew
" Thick as the snow flakes and with lightning force,
" Thou wouldst have known such soldiers, such a chief,
" Could never be subdued.
" But when the field
" Was won, and they who had escaped the fight
" Had yielded up their arms, it was foul work
" To glut on the defenceless prisoners
" The blunted sword of conquest. Girt around
" I to their mercy had surrender'd me,
" When lo! I heard the dreadful cry of death.
" Not as amid the fray, when man met man
" And in fair combat gave the mortal blow;
" Here the poor captives, weaponless and bound,
" Saw their stern victors draw again the sword,
" And groan'd and strove in vain to free their hands,
" And bade them think upon their plighted faith,
" And pray'd for mercy in the name of God,
" In vain: the King had bade them massacre,

" And in their helpless prisoners' naked breasts
" They drove the blade. Then I expected death,
" And at that moment death was terrible, . .
" For the heat of fight was over; of my home
" I thought, and of my wife and little ones
" In bitterness of heart. The gallant man,
" To whom the chance of war had made me thrall,
" Had pity, loos'd my hands, and bade me fly.
" It was the will of Heaven that I should live
" Childless and old to think upon the past,
" And wish that I had perish'd!"
The old man
Wept as he spake. " Ye may perhaps have heard
" Of the hard siege so long by Roan endur'd.
" I dwelt there, strangers; I had then a wife,
" And I had children tenderly belov'd,
" Who I did hope should cheer me in old age
" And close mine eyes. The tale of misery
" May-hap were tedious, or I could relate
" Much of that dreadful time."

The Maid replied
Anxious of that devoted town to learn.
Thus then the veteran.

" So by Heaven preserv'd,
" From the disastrous plain of Agincourt
" I speeded homewards and abode in peace.
" Henry as wise as brave had back to England
" Led his victorious army; well aware
" That France was mighty, that her warlike sons,
" Impatient of a foreign victor's sway,
" Might rise impetuous, and with multitudes
" Tread down the invaders. Wisely he return'd,
" For the proud barons in their private broils
" Wasted the strength of France. I dwelt at home,
" And, with the little I possess'd content,
" Lived happily. A pleasant sight it was
" To see my children, as at eve I sate
" Beneath the vine, come clustering round my knee,
" That they might hear again the oft-told tale
" Of the dangers I had past: their little eyes

" Did with such anxious eagerness attend
" The tale of life preserv'd, as made me feel
" Life's value. My poor children! a hard fate
" Had they! but oft and bitterly I wish
" That God had to his mercy taken me
" In childhood, for it is a heavy lot
" To linger out old age in loneliness!

" Ah me! when war the masters of mankind,
" Woe to the poor man! if he sow the field,
" He shall not reap the harvest; if he see
" His offspring rise around, his boding heart
" Aches at the thought that they are multiplied
" To the sword! Again from England the fierce foe
" Rush'd on our ravaged coasts. In battle bold,
" Merciless in conquest, their victorious King
" Swept like the desolating tempest round.
" Dambieres submits; on Caen's subjected wall
" The flag of England wav'd. Roan still remain'd,
" Embattled Roan, bulwark of Normandy;

" Nor unresisted round her massy walls
" Pitched they their camp. I need not tell Sir Knight
" How oft and boldly on the invading host
" We burst with fierce assault impetuous forth,
" For many were the warrior Sons of Roan.
" One gallant Citizen was fam'd o'er all
" For daring hardihood præeminent,
" Blanchard. He, gathering round his countrymen,
" With his own courage kindling every breast,
" Had bade them vow before Almighty God
" Never to yield them to the usurping foe.
" Before the God of Hosts we made the vow;
" And we had baffled the besieging power,
" Had not the patient enemy drawn round
" His strong entrenchments. From the watch-tower's
" top
" In vain with fearful hearts along the Seine
" We strain'd the eye, and every distant wave
" Which in the sun-beam glitter'd, fondly thought
" The white sail of supply. Alas! no more

" The white sail rose upon our aching sight;
" For guarded was the Seine, and that stern foe
" Had made a league with Famine. How my heart
" Sunk in me when at night I carried home
" The scanty pittance of to-morrow's meal!
" You know not, strangers! what it is to see
" The asking eye of hunger!
" Still we strove,
" Expecting aid; nor longer force to force,
" Valour to valour in the fight oppos'd,
" But to the exasperate patience of the foe,
" Desperate endurance. Tho' with christian zeal
" Ursino would have pour'd the balm of peace
" Into our wounds, Ambition's ear best pleas'd
" With the war's clamour and the groan of Death,
" Was deaf to prayer. Day after day fled on;
" We heard no voice of comfort. From the walls
" Could we behold the savage Irish Kernes,
" Ruffians half-cloth'd, half-human, half-baptiz'd,
" Come with their spoil, mingling their hideous shouts

" With moan of weary flocks, and piteous low
" Of kine sore-laden, in the mirthful camp
" Scattering abundance; while the loathliest food
" We priz'd above all price; while in our streets
" The dying groan of hunger, and the scream
" Of famishing infants echoed, .. and we heard,
" With the strange selfishness of misery,
" We heard and heeded not.
" Thou wouldst have deem'd
" Roan must have fallen an easy sacrifice,
" Young warrior! hadst thou seen our meagre limbs
" And pale and shrunken cheeks, and hollow eyes;
" Yet still we struggled nobly! Blanchard still
" Spake of the savage fury of the foe,
" Of Harfleur's wretched race cast on the world
" Houseless and destitute, while that fierce King
" Knelt at the altar, and with impious prayer
" Gave God the glory, even while the blood
" That he had shed was reeking up to Heaven.
" He bade us think what mercy they had found

" Who yielded on the plain of Agincourt,
" And what the gallant sons of Caen, by him,
" In cold blood murder'd. Then his scanty food
" Sharing with the most wretched, he would bid us
" Bear with our miseries bravely.
" Thus distress'd,
" Lest all should perish thus, our chiefs decreed
" Women and children, the infirm and old,
" All who were useless in the work of war,
" Should forth and take their fortune. Age, that makes
" The joys and sorrows of the distant years
" Like a half-remember'd dream, yet on my heart
" Leaves deep impress'd the horrors of that hour.
" Then as our widow-wives clung round our necks,
" And the deep sob of anguish interrupted
" The prayer of parting, even the pious priest
" As he implored his God to strengthen us,
" And told us we should meet again in Heaven,
" He groan'd and curs'd in bitterness of heart
" That merciless man. The wretched crowd pass'd on:

" My wife..my children..thro' the gates they pass'd,
" Then the gates clos'd...Would I were in my grave
" That I might lose remembrance!
" What is man
" That he can hear the groan of wretchedness
" And feel no fleshy pang! Why did the All-Good
" Create these warrior scourges of mankind,
" These who delight in slaughter? I did think
" There was not on this earth a heart so hard
" Could hear a famish'd woman cry for bread,
" And know no pity. As the outcast train
" Drew near, relentless Henry bade his troops
" Force back the miserable multitude.
" They drove them to the walls,...it was the depth
" Of winter,...we had no relief to grant.
" The aged ones groan'd to our foe in vain,
" The mother pleaded for her dying child,
" And they felt no remorse!"
The mission'd Maid
Starts from her seat,.." The old and the infirm,

" The mother and her babes! ..and yet no lightning
" Blasted this man!"
" Aye, Lady," Bertram cried,
" And when we sent the herald to implore
" His mercy on the helpless, his stern face
" Assum'd a sterner smile of callous scorn,
" And he replied in mockery. On the wall
" I stood and mark'd the miserable outcasts,
" And every moment thought that Henry's heart,
" Hard as it was, would melt. All night I stood,..
" Their deep groans came upon the midnight gale,
" Fainter they grew, for the cold wintry wind
" Blew bleak; fainter they grew, and at the last
" All was still, save that ever and anon
" Some mother shriek'd o'er her expiring child
" The shriek of frenzying anguish.
" From that hour
" On all the busy turmoil of the world
" I gaz'd with strange indifference; bearing want
" With the sick patience of a mind worn out.
" Nor when the traitor yielded up our town

" Ought heeded I as through our ruin'd streets,
" Thro' putrid heaps of famish'd carcases,
" Pass'd the long pomp of triumph. One keen pang
" I felt, when by that bloody King's command
" The gallant Blanchard died. Calmly he died,
" And as he bow'd beneath the axe, thank'd God
" That he had done his duty.
" I survive,
" A solitary, friendless, wretched one,
" Knowing no joy save in the faith I feel
" That I shall soon be gather'd to my sires,
" And soon repose, there where the wicked cease
" From troubling, and the weary are at rest."

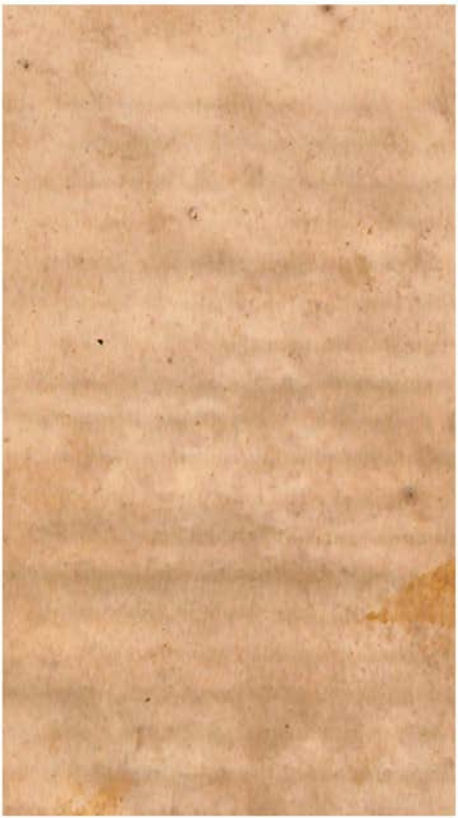
" And happy," cried the delegated Maid,
" And happy they who in that holy faith
" Bow meekly to the rod! a little while
" Shall they endure the proud man's contumely,
" The injustice of the great. A little while
" Tho' shelterless they feel the wintry wind,
" The wind shall whistle o'er their turf-grown grave,

ROYAL ASIAT

"And all be peace below. But woe to those,
"Woe to the Mighty Ones who send abroad
"Their train'd assassins, and who give to Fury
"The flaming firebrand; these indeed shall live
"The heroes of the wandering minstrel's song;
"But they have their reward; the innocent blood
"Steams up to Heaven against them. God shall hear
"The widow's groan."

"I saw him," Bertram cried,
"Henry of Agincourt, this conqueror King,
"Go to his grave. The long procession past
"Slowly from town to town, and when I heard
"The deep-ton'd dirge, and saw the banners wave
"A pompous shade, and the high torches glare
"In the mid-day sun a dim and gloomy light,
"I thought what he had been on earth who now
"Was gone to his account, and blest my God
"I was not such as he!"

So spake the old man,
And then his guests betook them to repose.



JOAN OF ARC.

THE THIRD BOOK.

FAIR dawn'd the morning, and the early sun
Pour'd on the latticed cot a cheerful gleam,
And up the travellers rose, and on their way
Hasten'd, their dangerous way, thro' fertile tracks
The waste of war. They pass'd the Auxerrois;
The autumnal rains had beaten to the earth
The unreap'd harvest, from the village church
No even-song bell was heard, the shepherd's dog
Prey'd on the scatter'd flock, for there was now
No hand to feed him, and upon the hearth
Where he had slumber'd at his master's feet
The rank weed flourish'd. Did they sometimes find
A welcome, he who welcom'd them was one
Who linger'd in the place where he was born,

For that alone was left him now to love.
They past the Yonne, they past the rapid Loire,
Still urging on their way with cautious speed,
Shunning Auxerre, and Bar's embattled wall,
And Romorantin's towers.

So journeying on,
Fast by a spring, which welling at his feet
With many a winding crept along the mead,
A Knight they saw, who there at his repast
Let the west wind play round his ungirt brow.
Approaching near, the Bastard recogniz'd
The gallant friend of Orleans, the brave chief
Du Chastel; and the mutual greeting pass'd,
They on the streamlet's mossy bank reclin'd
Beside him, and his frugal fare partook,
And drank the running waters.

" Art thou bound
" For the Court, Dunois?" exclaim'd the aged Knight;
" I deem'd thee far away, coop'd in the walls
" Of Orleans; a hard siege her valiant sons

" Right loyally endure!"

" I left the town,"
Dunois reply'd, " thinking that my prompt speed
" Might seize the hostile stores, and with fresh force
" Re-enter. Fastoffe's better fate prevail'd,
" And from the field of shame my maddening horse
" Bore me, for the barb'd arrow gor'd his flank.
" Fatigued and faint with that day's dangerous toil,
" My deep wounds bleeding, vainly with weak hand
" I check'd the powerless rein. Nor ought avail'd
" When heal'd at length, defeated and alone
" Again to enter Orleans. In Lorraine
" I sought to raise new powers, and now return'd
" With strangest and most unexpected aid
" Sent by high Heaven, I seek the Court, and thence
" To that beleager'd town shall lead such force,
" That the proud English in their fields of blood
" Shall perish."

" I too," Tanneguy reply'd,
" In the field of battle once again perchance

" May serve my royal Master; in his cause
" My youth adventur'd much, nor can my age
" Find better close than in the clang of arms
" To die for him whom I have liv'd to serve.
" Thou art for the Court; Son of the Chief I lov'd!
" Be wise by my experience. He who seeks
" Court favour, ventures like the boy who leans
" Over the brink of some high precipice
" To reach the o'er-hanging fruit. Thou seest me here
" A banish'd man, Dunois! so to appease
" Richemont, who jealous of the royal ear,
" With midnight murder leagues, and down the Loire,
" Rolls the black carcase of his strangled foe.
" Now confident of strength, at the King's feet
" He stabs the King's best friends, and then demands,
" As with a conqueror's imperious tone,
" The post of honour. Son of that lov'd Chief
" Whose death my arm avenged, may all thy days
" Be happy; serve thy country in the field,
" And in the hour of peace amid thy friends

"Dwell thou without ambition."

So he spake.

But when the Bastard told the wonderous tale,
How interposing Heaven had its high aid
Vouchsaf'd to France, the old man's eyes flash'd fire,
And rising from the bank, the stately steed
That graz'd beside he mounts. "Farewell Dunois,
"Thou too the Delegate of Heaven, farewell!
"I go to raise the standard! we shall meet
"At Orleans." O'er the plain he spurr'd his steed.

They journey on their way till Chinon's towers
Rose to the distant view; imperial seat
Of Charles, for Paris with her servile sons,
A headstrong, mutable, ferocious race,
Bow'd to the invader's yoke, since that sad hour
When Faction o'er her streets with giant stride
Strode terrible, and Murder and Revenge,
As by the midnight torches' lurid light
They mark'd their mangled victims writhe convuls'd,

Laugh'd at the deep death groan. Ill-fated scene!
Thro' many a dark age drench'd with innocent blood,
And one day doom'd to know the damning guilt
Of BRISSOT murder'd, and the heroic wife
Of ROLAND! Martyr'd patriots, spirits pure,
Wept by the good ye fell! Yet still survives
Sown by your toil and by your blood manur'd,
The imperishable seed; and still its roots
Spread, and strike deep, and yet shall it become
That Tree beneath whose shade the Sons of Men
Shall pitch their tents in peace.

In Paris now
The Invader triumph'd. On an infant's head
Had Bedford placed the crown of Charlemagne,
And factious nobles bow'd the subject knee
In homage to their King, their baby Lord,
Their cradled mighty one!

"Belov'd of Heaven,"
So spake the Son of Orleans as they pass'd,
"Lo these the walls of Chinon, this the abode

" Of Charles our monarch. Here in revelry
" He of his armies vanquish'd, his fair towns
" Subdued, hears careless and prolongs the dance.
" And little marvel I that to the cares
" Of empire still he turns the unwilling ear,
" For loss on loss, defeat upon defeat,
" His strong holds taken, and his bravest Chiefs
" Or dead or captur'd, and the hopes of youth
" All blasted, have subdued the royal mind
" Undisciplin'd in Fortitude's stern school.
" So may thy voice arouse his sleeping virtues!"

The mission'd maid reply'd, " go thou Dunois,
" Announce my mission to the royal ear.
" I on the river's winding banks the while
" Would roam, collecting for the enterprize
" My thoughts, tho' firm, yet troubled. Who essays
" Atchievements of great import will perforce
" Feel the heart heave; and in my breast I feel
" Such perturbation."

On the banks of Vienne
Devious the Damsel turn'd. Thro' Chinon's gates
The Son of Orleans press'd with rapid step
Seeking the King. Him from the public view
He found secluded with his blameless Queen,
And his partaker of the unlawful bed,
The lofty-minded Agnes.

" Son of Orleans!"
So as he entered cried the haughty Fair,
" Thou art well come to witness the disgrace,
" The weak, unmanly, base despondency
" Of this thy Sovereign Liege. He will retreat
" To distant Dauphiny and fly the war!
" Go then, unworthy of thy rank! retreat
" To distant Dauphiny, and fly the war,
" Recreant from battle! I will not partake
" A fugitive's fate; when thou hast lost thy crown
" Thou hast lost Agnes.—Do'st not blush Dunois!
" To bleed in combat for a Prince like this,
" Fit only like the Merovingian race

"On a May morning deck'd with flowers, to mount
"His gay-bedizen'd car, and ride abroad
"And make the multitude a holiday.
"Go Charles—and hide thee in a woman's garb,
"And these long locks will not disgrace thee then!"

"Nay Agnes!" Charles replied, "reproach me not,
"I have enough of sorrow. Look around,
"See this fair country ravaged by the foe,
"My strong holds taken, and my bravest Chiefs
"Fall'n in the field, or captives far away.
"Dead is the Douglas; cold thy gallant heart,
"Illustrious Buchan! ye from Scotland's hills,
"Not mindless of your old ally distress'd,
"Rush'd to his succour: in his cause ye fought,
"For him ye perish'd. Rash impetuous Narbonne!
"Thy mangled corse waves to the winds of Heaven.
"Cold, Graville, is thy sinewy arm in death;
"Fall'n is Ventadaur; silent in the grave
"Rambouillet sleeps: Bretagne's unfaithful chief

" Leagues with my foes, and Richemont, or in arms
" Defies my weak controul, or from my side,
" A friend more dreaded than the enemy,
" Drives my best servants with the assassin sword.
" Soon must the towers of Orleans fall!—But now
" These sad thoughts boot not. Welcome to our court,
" Dunois! We yet can give the friendly feast,
" And from the heavy cares of empire win
" One hospitable day of merriment."

The Chief replied, " so may thy future years
" Pass from misfortune free, as all these ills
" Shall vanish like a vision of the night!
" To thee and France I come the messenger
" Of aid from Heaven. The delegated Maid
" With me, whom all wise Providence decrees
" The Saviour of the realm;—a holy Maid,
" Bearing strange promise of miraculous things,
" One whom it were not possible to hear
" And disbelieve."

Astonish'd by his speech

Stood Charles. "At one of meaner estimation
"I should have smil'd, Dunois. Thy well-known worth,
"The loyalty of all thy noble house,
"Compel me even to this, a most strange tale,
"To lend a serious ear. A woman sent
"From Heaven, the Saviour of this wasted realm,
"One whom it were not possible to hear,
"And disbelieve! Dunois, ill now beseems
"Ought wild and hazardous; the throne of France
"Totters upon destruction. Is my person
"Known to this woman?"
"She has liv'd retir'd,"
The Bastard answer'd, "ignorant of courts,
"And little heeding, till the spirit of God
"Rous'd her to this great work."
To him the King,
"If then she knows me not, abide thou here,
"And hither, by a speedy messenger,
"Summon the Maiden. On the throne meantime,
"I the while mingling with the menial throng,

" Some courtier shall be seated. If the Maid
" Be by the spirit of God indeed inspir'd,
" That holy spirit will gift her with the power
" To pierce deception. , But if strange of mind
" Enthusiast fancy fire her wilder'd brain,
" She to obscurity again, thus prov'd,
" May guiltlessly retire. Our English foes
" Might well exult to see the sons of France
" Led by a frenzied female." So he said;
And, with a faith half-faltering at the proof,
Dunois dispatch'd a messenger, to seek
Beside the banks of Vienne, the mission'd Maid.

Soon is the court conven'd; the jewell'd crown
Shines on a menial's head. Amid the throng
The Monarch stands, and anxious for the event,
His heart beats high. She comes, the Maid inspir'd!
And as the Bastard led her to the throne,
Quick glancing o'er the mimic Majesty
Fix'd full her eye on Charles.

" Thou art the King!
" I come the avenging Delegate of Heaven,
" To wield the fated weapon, from whose death,
" Their stern hearts palsied by the arm of God,
" Far, far from Orleans shall the English wolves
" Speed their disastrous flight. Monarch of France!
" Spread the good tidings through thy ravaged realm!
" The Maid is come, the Mission'd Maid, whose hand
" Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
" Crown thee the anointed King."
In wonder mute
The courtiers heard. The astonish'd King exclaim'd,
" This is indeed the agency of Heaven!
" Hard, Maiden, were I of belief," he cried,
" Did I not now, with full and confirm'd faith,
" Thee the redeemer of this ravaged realm
" Believe. Not doubting therefore the strange will
" Of all-wise Providence, delay I now
" Instant to marshal the brave sons of France
" Beneath thy banners; but to satisfy

" Those who at distance from this most clear proof
" May hear and disbelieve, or yield at best
" A cold assent. These fully to confirm
" And more to manifest thy holy power,
" Forthwith with all due speed I shall convene
" The Doctors of Theology, wise men
" And skilful in the mysteries of Heaven.
" By these thy mission studied and approv'd,
" As needs it must, their sanction to all minds
" Shall bring conviction, and the firm belief
" Lead on thy favour'd troops to mightiest deeds,
" Surpassing human credibility."

Well pleas'd the Maiden heard. Her the King leads
From the disbanding throng, meantime to dwell
With Mary. Watchful for her Lord's return
She sat with Agnes; Agnes proud of heart,
Majestically fair, whose large full eye
Or flashing anger, or with scornful scowl
Deform'd her beauteous features. Yet with her

The lawless idol of the Monarch's heart,
Mary, obedient to her husband's will,
Dwelt meekly in accord. The Maiden soon
Lov'd the mild Queen, and sojourning with her
Expects the solemn summons.

Thro' the realm
Meantime the King's convoking voice was heard,
And from their palaces and monasteries
Forth came the Doctors, men acute and deep,
Grown grey in study; Priests and Bishops haste
To Chinon: teachers wise and with high names,
Seraphic, Subtile, or Irrefragable,
By their admiring pupils dignified.

The Doctors met, from cloister gloom recluse,
Or from the haunts luxurious of abode
Episcopal, they met, and sought the place
Of judgement, in the ancient church assign'd.
The floor with many a monumental stone
Was spread, and brass-ensculptur'd effigy

Of holy abbots honour'd in their day,
Now to the grave gone down. The branching arms
Of many a ponderous pillar met aloft,
Wreath'd on the roof emboss'd. Thro' storied panes
Of high arch'd windows came the tinctur'd light.
Pure water in a font beneath reflects
The many-colour'd rays; around that font
The fathers stand, and there with rites ordain'd
And signs symbolic strew the hallowing salt,
Wherewith the limpid water, thus imbued,
So taught the church, became a spell approv'd
Against the fiends of Satan's fallen crew;
A licens'd spell of mightier potency
Than e'er the hell-hags taught in Thessaly,
Or they who sitting on the rifled grave,
By the blue tomb-fire's lurid light dim seen,
Share with the Gouls their banquet.
This perform'd,
The Maid is summon'd. Round the holy vase
Mark'd with the mystic tonsure and enrob'd

In sacred vests, a venerable train,
They stand. The delegated Maid obeys
Their summons. As she came, a loveliest blush
O'er her fair cheek suffus'd, such as became
One mindful still of maiden modesty,
Tho' of her own worth conscious. Thro' the aisle
The cold wind moaning as it pass'd along
Waved her dark flowing locks. Before the train
In reverent silence waiting their sage will,
With half-averted eye she stood compos'd.
So have I seen the simple snow-drop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so seen it gently bend
In modest loveliness alone amid
The waste of winter.

By the Maiden's side
The Son of Orleans stood, prepar'd to vouch
That when on Charles the Maiden's eye had fix'd,
As led by power miraculous, no fraud,
Nor juggling artifice of secret sign

Dissembled inspiration. As he stood
Steadily viewing the mysterious rites,
Thus to the attentive Maid the Arch-Priest spake
Severe.

" Woman, if any fiend of hell
" Lurk in thy bosom, so to prompt the vaunt
" Of inspiration, and to mock the power
" Of God and holy church, thus by the virtue
" Of water hallowed in the name of God
" That damned spirit adjure I to depart
" From his possessed prey."

Slowly he spake
And sprinkled water on the virgin's face:
Indignant at the unworthy charge the Maid
Felt her cheek flush, but soon, the transient glow
Fading, she answer'd meek.

" Most holy Sires,
" Ye reverend Fathers of the Christian church,
" Most catholic! I stand before you here
" A poor weak woman; of the grace vouchsaf'd,

" How far unworthy, conscious: yet tho' mean,
" Innocent of fraud, and chosen by high heaven
" The minister of aid. Strange voices heard,
" The dark and shadowing visions of the night,
" And feelings which I may not dare to doubt,
" These portents make me conscious of the God
" Within me; he who gifted my purged eye
" To know the Monarch 'mid the menial throng,
" Unseen before. Thus much it boots to say.
" The life of simple virgin ill deserves
" To call your minds from studies wise and deep,
" Not to be fathom'd by the weaker sense
" Of man profane."

" Thou speakest," said the Priest,
" Of dark and shadowing visions of the night.
" Canst thou remember, Maid, what vision first
" Seem'd more than Fancy's shaping? from such tale,
" Minutely told with accurate circumstance,
" Best judgement might be formed."

The Maid replied,

" Amid the mountain vallies I had driven
" My father's flock. The eve was drawing on,
" When by a sudden storm surpriz'd, I sought
" A chapel's neighbouring shelter; ruin'd now,
" But I remember when its vesper bell
" Was heard among the hills, a pleasant sound,
" That made me pause upon my homeward road,
" Awakening in me comfortable thoughts
" Of holiness. The unsparing soldiery
" Had sack'd the hamlet near, and none was left
" Duly at sacred seasons to attend
" St. Agnes' chapel. In the desolate pile
" I drove my flock, with no irreverent thoughts,
" Nor mindless that the place on which I trod
" Was holy ground. It was a fearful night!
" Devoutly to the virgin Saint I pray'd,
" Then heap'd the wither'd leaves which autumn winds
" Had drifted in, and laid me down upon them,
" And sure I think I slept. But so it was
" That, in the dead of night, Saint Agnes stood

" Before mine eyes, such and so beautiful
" As when, amid the house of wickedness,
" The Power whom with such fervent love she serv'd
" Veil'd her with glory. And she seem'd to point
" To the moss-grown altar, and the crucifix
" Half hid by weeds and grass;. . and then I thought
" I could have wither'd armies with a look,
" For from the present Saint such divine power
" I felt infus'd. . . . 'Twas but a dream perhaps.
" And yet methought that when a louder peal
" Burst o'er the roof, and all was left again
" Utterly dark, the bodily sense was clear
" And accurate in every circumstance
" Of time and place."

Attentive to her words
Thus the Priest answer'd.

" Brethren ye have heard
" The woman's tale. Beseems us now to ask
" Whether of holy Church a duteous child
" Before our court appears, so not unlike

" Heaven might vouchsafe its gracious miracle;
" Or silly heretic whose erring thoughts,
" Monstrous and vain, perchance might stray beyond
" All reason, and conceit strange dreams and signs
" Impossible. Say, woman, from thy youth
" Hast thou, as rightly mother church demands,
" Confess'd to holy Priest each secret sin,
" That by the grace vouchsaf'd to him from Heaven,
" He might absolve thee?"
" Father," she replied,
" The forms of worship in mine earlier years
" Wak'd my young mind to artificial awe,
" And made me fear my GOD. Warm with the glow
" Of health and exercise, whene'er I pass'd
" The threshold of the house of prayer, I felt
" A cold damp chill me, I beheld the flame
" That with a pale and feeble glimmering
" Dimm'd the noon-light, I heard the solemn mass,
" And with strange feelings and mysterious dread
" Telling my beads, gave to the mystic prayers

" Devoutest meaning. Often when I saw
" The pictur'd flames writhe round a penanced soul,
" Have I retir'd, and knelt before the cross
" And wept for grace, and trembled, and believ'd
" A GOD of Terrors. But in riper years,
" When as my soul grew strong in solitude,
" I saw the eternal energy pervade
" The boundless range of nature, with the sun
" Pour life and radiance from his flamy path,
" And on the lowliest flowret of the field
" The kindly dew-drops shed. And then I felt
" That HE who form'd this goodly frame of things
" Must needs be good, and with a FATHER's name
" I call'd on HIM, and from my burthen'd heart
" Pour'd out the yearnings of unmingled love.
" Methinks it is not strange then, that I fled
" The house of prayer, and made the lonely grove
" My temple, at the foot of some old oak
" Watching the little tribes that had their world
" Within its mossy bark; or laid me down

" Beside the rivulet whose murmuring
" Was silence to my soul, and mark'd the swarm
" Whose light-edged shadows on the bedded sand
" Mirror'd their mazy sports; the insect hum,
" The flow of waters, and the song of birds
" Making a holy music to mine ear:
" Oh! was it strange, if for such scenes as these
" Such deep devoutness, such intense delight
" Of quiet adoration, I forsook
" The house of worship? strange that when I felt
" How GOD had made my Spirit quick to feel
" And love whate'er was beautiful and good,
" And from ought evil and deform'd to shrink
" Even as with instinct; father! was it strange
" That in my heart I had no thought of sin
" And did not need forgiveness?"

As she spake
The Doctors stood astonish'd, and some while
They listen'd still in wonder. But at length
A Priest replied,

" Woman thou seem'st to scorn
" The ordinances of our holy Church;
" And, if I rightly understand thy words,
" Thou say'st that Solitude and Nature taught
" Thy feelings of religion, and that now
" Masses and absolution and the use
" Of mystic wafer, are to thee unknown.
" How then could nature teach thee true religion,
" Depriv'd of these? Nature can teach to sin,
" But 'tis the Priest alone can teach remorse,
" Can bid St. Peter ope the gates of Heaven,
" And from the penal fires of purgatory
" Absolve the soul. Could Nature teach thee this?
" Or tell thee that St. Peter holds the keys,
" And that his successor's unbounded power
" Extends o'er either world? Altho' thy life
" Of sin were free, if of this holy truth
" Ignorant, thy soul in liquid flames must rue
" It's error."

Thus he spake; the applauding look

Went round. Nor dubious to reply the Maid
Was silent.

" Fathers of the holy church,
" If on these points abstruse a simple maid
" Like me, should err, impute not you the crime
" To self-will'd reason, vaunting its own strength
" Above the eternal wisdom. True it is
" That for long time I have not heard the sound
" Of mass high-chaunted, nor with trembling lips
" Partook the mystic wafer: yet the bird
" Who to the matin ray prelusive pour'd
" His joyous song, methought did warble forth
" Sweeter thanksgiving to Religion's ear
" In his wild melody of happiness,
" Than ever rung along the high-arch'd roofs
" Of man:..yet never from the bending vine
" Pluck'd I its ripen'd clusters thanklessly,
" Or of that God unmindful, who bestow'd
" The bloodless banquet. Ye have told me, Sirs,
" That Nature only teaches man to sin!

" If it be sin to seek the wounded lamb,
" To bind its wounds, and bathe them with my tears,
" This is what Nature taught! No, FATHERS! no,
" It is not Nature that can teach to sin:
" Nature is all Benevolence, all Love,
" All Beauty! In the greenwood's quiet shade
" There is no vice that to the indignant cheek
" Bids the red current rush; no misery there;
" No wretched mother, who with pallid face
" And famine-fall'n, hangs o'er her hungry babes,
" With such a look, so wan, so woe-begone,
" As shall one day, with damning eloquence,
" Against the mighty plead!...Nature teach sin!
" O blasphemy against the Holy One,
" Who made us in the image of Himself,
" Who made us all for happiness and love,
" Infinite happiness, infinite love,
" Partakers of his own eternity."

Solemn and slow the reverend Priest replied,

" Much, woman, do I doubt that all-wise Heaven
" Would thus vouchsafe its gracious miracles
" On one fore-doom'd to misery; for so doom'd
" Is that deluded one, who, of the mass
" Unheeding, and the Churches saving power,
" Deems nature sinless. Therefore, mark me well,
" Brethren, I would propose this woman try
" The holy ordeal. Let her, bound and stript,
" Lest haply in her clothes should be conceal'd
" Some holy relic so profan'd, be cast
" In the deep pond; there if she float, no doubt
" Some fiend upholds, but if she instant sink,
" Sure sign is that that Providence displays
" Her free from witchcraft. This done, let her walk
" Blinded and bare o'er ploughshares heated red,
" And o'er these past, her naked arm plunge deep
" In scalding water. If from these she pass
" Unhurt, to holy father of the church
" Most blessed Pope, we then refer the cause
" For judgement: and this Chief, the Son of Orleans,

" Who comes to vouch the royal person known
" By her miraculous power, shall pass with her
" The sacred trial."
" Grace of God!" exclaim'd
The astonish'd Bastard; " plunge me in the pool,
" O'er red-hot ploughshares make me dance to please
" Your dotard fancies! Fathers of the church,
" Where is your gravity? what! elder-like
" Would ye this fairer than Susannah eye?
" Ye call for ordeals; and I too demand
" The noblest ordeal, on the English host
" By victory to approve the mission sent
" From favouring Heaven. To the Pope refer
" For judgement! Know ye not that France even now
" Stands tottering on destruction!"
Starting wild,
With a strange look, the mission'd Maid exclaim'd,
" The sword of God is here! the grave shall speak
" To manifest me!"
Even as she spake,

A pale blue flame rose from the trophied tomb
Beside her: and within that house of death
A clash of arms was heard, as tho' below
The shrouded warrior shook his mailed limbs.

" Hear ye?" the Damsel cried; " these are the arms
" Which shall flash terror o'er the hostile host.
" These, in the presence of our Lord the King,
" And of the assembled people, I will take
" Here from the sepulchre, where many an age,
" Incorruptible, they have lain conceal'd,
" For me preserv'd, the Delegate of Heaven."

Recovering from amaze, the Priest replied:
" Thou art indeed the Delegate of Heaven!
" What thou hast said surely thou shalt perform!
" We ratify thy mission. Go in peace."

JOAN OF ARC.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE feast was spread, the sparkling bowl went round,
And to the assembled court the minstrel harp'd
The song of other days. Sudden they heard
The horn's loud blast. "This is no time for cares;
"Feast ye the messenger without!" cried Charles,
"Enough is given of the wearying day
"To the public weal."
Obedient to the King
The guard invites the traveller to his fare.
"Nay, I will see the monarch," he replied,
"And he shall hear my tidings; duty-urg'd,
"I have for many a long league hasten'd on,
"And will not be repell'd." Then with strong arm
Removing him who barr'd his onward way,

The hall he enter'd.

" King of France! I come
" From Orleans, speedy and effectual aid
" Demanding for her gallant garrison,
" Faithful to thee, tho' thinn'd in many a fight,
" And wither'd now by want. Thee it beseems
" For ever anxious for thy people's weal,
" To succour the brave men whose honest breasts
" Bulwark thy throne."

He said, and from the hall
With upright step departing, in amaze
At his so bold deportment left the court.
The King exclaim'd, " but little need to send
" Quick succour to this gallant garrison,
" If to the English half so firm a front
" They bear in battle!"

" In the field my liege,"
Dunois replied, " yon Knight has serv'd thee well.
" Him have I seen the foremost of the fight,
" Wielding so fearfully his death-red axe,

" That wheresoe'er he turn'd, the affrighted foe
" Let fall their palsied arms with powerless stroke,
" Desperate of safety. I do marvel much
" That he is here: Orleans must be hard press'd
" To send the bravest of her garrison,
" On such commission."
Swift the Maid exclaim'd,
" I tell thee, Chief, that there the English wolves
" Shall never pour their yells of victory!
" The will of God defends those fated walls,
" And resting in full faith on that high will,
" I mock their efforts. But the night draws on;
" Retire we to repose. To-morrow's sun,
" Breaking the darkness of the sepulchre,
" Shall on that armour gleam, thro' many an age
" Kept holy and inviolate by time."
She said, and rising from the board, retired.

Meantime the herald's brazen voice proclaim'd
Coming solemnity, and far and wide

Spread the strange tidings. Every labour ceas'd;
The ploughman from the unfinish'd furrow hastes;
The armourer's anvil beats no more the din
Of future slaughter. Thro' the thronging streets
The buz of asking wonder hums along.

On to St. Catharine's sacred fane they go;
The holy fathers with the imaged cross
Leading the long procession. Next, as one
Suppliant for mercy to the King of Kings,
And grateful for the benefits of Heaven,
The Monarch pass'd; and by his side the Maid,
Her lovely limbs rob'd in a snow-white vest;
Wistless that every eye on her was fix'd,
With stately step she mov'd: her labouring soul
To high thoughts elevate; and gazing round
With the wild eye, that of the circling throng
And of the visible world unseeing, saw
The shapes of holy phantasy. By her
The warrior Son of Orleans strode along

Preeminent. He, nerving his young frame
With manly exercise, had scal'd the cliff,
And dashing in the torrent's foaming flood,
Stemm'd with broad breast its fury; so his form,
Sinewy and firm, and fit for loftiest deeds,
Tower'd high amid the throng effeminate;
No dainty bath had from his hardy limbs
Effaced the hauberk's honourable marks;
His helmet bore of hostile steel the dints
Many and deep; upon his pictur'd shield
A Lion vainly struggled in the toils,
Whilst by his side the cub with pious rage,
His young mane floating to the desart air,
Rends the fallen huntsman. Tremouille him behind,
The worthless favourite of the slothful Prince,
Stalk'd arrogant, in shining armour clasp'd,
Emboss'd with gold and gems of richest hue,
Gaudily graceful, by no hostile blade
Defaced, and rusted by no hostile blood;
Trimly accoutred court habiliments,

Gay lady-dazzling armour, fit to adorn
In dangerless manœuvres some review,
The mockery of murder! follow'd him
The train of courtiers, summer-flies that sport
In the sun-beam of favour, insects sprung
From the court dunghill, greedy blood-suckers,
The foul corruption-gender'd swarm of state.

As o'er some flowery field the busy bees
Pour their deep music, pleasant melody
To the tir'd traveller, under some old oak
Stretch'd in the checquer'd shade; or as the sound
Of many waters down the far-off steep
Dash'd with loud uproar, rose the murmur round
Of admiration. Every gazing eye
Dwelt on the mission'd Maid; of all beside,
The long procession and the gorgeous train,
Tho' glittering they with gold and sparkling gems,
And their rich plumes high waving to the air,
Heedless.

The consecrated dome they reach,
Rear'd to St. Catharine's holy memory.
Her tale the altar told; when Maximin,
His rais'd lip kindled with a savage smile,
In such deep fury bade the tenter'd wheel
Tear her life piecemeal, that the very face
Of the hard executioner relax'd
With horror; calm she heard, no drop of blood
Forsook her cheek, her steady eye was turn'd
Heaven-ward, and Hope and meekest Piety
Beam'd in that patient look. Nor vain her trust,
For lo! the Angel of the Lord descends
And crumbles with his fiery touch the wheel!
One glance of holy triumph Catharine cast,
Then bow'd her to the sword of martyrdom.

Her eye averting from the storied woe,
The delegated damsel knelt and pour'd
To Heaven the earnest prayer.

A trophied tomb

Close to the altar rear'd its ancient bulk.
Two pointless javelins and a broken sword,
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior slept
The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone
And rude-ensculptur'd effigy o'erlaid
The sepulchre. In silent wonderment
The expectant multitude with eager eye
Gaze, listening as the mattock's heavy stroke
Invades the tomb's repose: the heavy stroke
Sounds hollow; over the high-vaulted roof
Roll the repeated echoes: soon the day
Dawns on the grave's long night, the slant sun-beam
Beams on the inshrined arms, the crested helm,
The bauldrick's strength, the shield, the sacred sword.
A sound of awe-repress'd astonishment
Rose from the crowd. The delegated Maid
Over her robes the hallowed breast-plate threw,
Self-fitted to her form; on her helm'd head
The white plumes nod, majestically slow;
She lifts the buckler and the sacred sword,

Gleaming portentous light.
The wondering crowd
Raise the loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven,"
The Maid exclaim'd, "Father all merciful!
"Devoted to whose holy will, I wield
"The sword of Vengeance, go before our host!
"All-just avenger of the innocent,
"Be thou our Champion! God of Love, preserve
"Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms."

She ceas'd, and with an eager hush the crowd
Still listen'd; a brief while throughout the dome
Deep silence dwelt; then with a sudden burst
Devout and full, they rais'd the choral hymn
"Thee Lord we praise, our God!" the throng without
Catch the strange tidings, join the hymn of joy,
And thundering transport peals along the heavens.

As thro' the parting crowd the virgin pass'd,
He who from Orleans on the yesternight

Demanded succour, clasp'd with warmth her hand,
And with a bosom-thrilling voice exclaim'd,
" Ill-omen'd Maid! victim of thine own worth,
" Devoted for the king-curst realm of France!
" Ill-omen'd Maid, I pity thee!" so saying,
He turn'd into the crowd. At his strange words
Disturb'd, the warrior virgin pass'd along,
And much revolving in her troubled mind,
Retreads the court.

And now the horn announced
The ready banquet; they partook the feast,
Then rose and in the cooling water cleansed
Their hands, and seated at the board again
Enjoy'd the bowl, or scented high with spice,
Or flavour'd with the fragrant summer fruit,
Or luscious with metheglin mingled rich.
Meantime the Trouveur struck the harp; he sung
Of Lancelot du Lake, the truest Knight
That ever loved fair Lady; and the youth
Of Cornwall underneath whose maiden sword

The strength of Ireland fell, and he who struck
The dolorous stroke, the blameless and the brave,
Who died beneath a brother's erring arm.
Ye have not perish'd, Chiefs of Carduel!
The songs of earlier years embalm your fame,
And haply yet some Poet shall arise,
Like that divinest Tuscan, and enwreathe
The immortal garland for himself and you.

The full sound echoed o'er the arched roof,
And listening eager to the favourite lay,
The guests sat silent, when into the hall
The Messenger from that besieged town,
Stalk'd stately. "It is pleasant, King of France,
"To feast at ease and hear the harper's song;
"Far other music hear the men of Orleans!
"DEATH is among them; there the voice of Woe
"Moans ceaseless."
"Rude unmannerly intruder!"
Exclaim'd the Monarch, "Cease to interrupt

" The hour of merriment; it is not thine
" To instruct me in my duty."
Of reproof
Heedless, the stranger to the minstrel cried,
" Why harpest thou of good King Authur's fame
" Amid these walls? Virtue and Genius love
" That lofty lay. Hast thou no loose lewd tale
" To pamper and provoke the appetite?
" Such should procure thee worthy recompence!
" Or rather sing thou of that mighty one,
" Who tore the ewe lamb from the poor man's bosom,
" That was to him even as a daughter! Charles,
" This holy tale would I tell, prophet-like,
" And look at thee and cry, 'thou art the man!'"

He said, and with a quick and troubled step
Retir'd. Astonish'd at his daring phrase,
The guests sat heedless of the minstrel's song,
Pondering the words mysterious. Soon the harp
Beguil'd their senses of anxiety.

The court dispers'd: retiring from the hall,
Charles and the delegated damsel sought
The inner palace. There awaited them
The Queen: with her *JOAN* lov'd to pass the hours,
By various converse cheer'd; for she had won
The Virgin's heart by her mild melancholy,
The calm and duteous patience that deplor'd
A husband's cold half-love. To her she told
With what strange words the messenger from Orleans
Had rous'd uneasy wonder in her mind;
For on her ear yet vibrated his voice,
When lo! again he came and at the door
Stood scowling round.
"Why dost thou haunt me thus,"
The monarch cried, "Is there no place secure
"From thy rude insolence? unmanner'd man!
"I know thee not!"
"Then learn to know me, Charles!"
Solemnly he replied; "read well my face,
"That thou may'st know it on that dreadful day,

" When at the throne of God I shall demand
" His justice on thee!" Turning from the King,
To Agnes as she enter'd, in a tone
More low, more awfully severe, he cried,
" Dost thou too know me not!"
She glanced on him,
And pale and breathless hid her head convuls'd
In the Maid's bosom.
" King of France!" he said,
" She lov'd me! day by day I dwelt with her,
" Her voice was music, very sweet her smiles!
" I left her! left her Charles, in evil hour,
" To fight thy battles. Thou meantime didst come,
" Staining most foul her spotless purity;
" For she was pure:..Alas! these courtly robes
" Hide not the hideous stain of infamy,
' Thou canst not with thy golden belt put on
" An honourable name, unhappy one!
" My poor polluted Agnes!—Charles almost
" My faith in heaven is shaken! thou art here

" Rioting in joy, while I, tho' innocent
" Of ill, the victim of another's vice,
" Drag on the loathsome burthen of existence,
" And doubt Heaven's justice?"
So he said, and frown'd
Dark as the form who at Mahommed's door
Knock'd fierce and frequent; from whose fearful look
Bath'd with cold damps, every beholder fled.
Even the prophet almost terrified,
Endur'd but half to view him, for he knew
AZRAEL, the dreadful Messenger of Fate,
And his death-day was come. Guilt-petrified
The Monarch sate, nor could endure to face
His bosom-probing frown. The mission'd Maid
Meantime had read his features, and she cried
" I know thee, Conrade!" Rising from her seat,
She took his hand, for he stood motionless,
Gazing on Agnes now with steady eye,
Dreadful though calm: him from the Court she drew,
And to the river's banks resisting not,

Both sad and silent, led; till at the last
As from a dream awaking, Conrade look'd
Full on the Maid, and falling on her neck,
He wept.
"I know thee, Damsel!" he exclaim'd,
"Dost thou remember that tempestuous night,
"When I, a weather-beaten traveller, sought
"Your hospitable doors? ah me! I then
"Was happy! you too sojourn'd then in peace.
"Fool that I was, I blam'd such happiness,
"Arraign'd it as a guilty selfish sloth,
"Unhappily prevailing, so I fear me,
"Or why art thou at Chinon?"
Him the Maid
Answering, address'd, "I do remember well,
"That night: for then the holy Spirit first,
"Wak'd by thy words, possess'd me."
Conrade cried,
"Poor Maiden, thou wert happy! thou hadst liv'd
"Blessing and blest, if I had never stray'd,

" Needlessly rigid from my peaceful path.
" And thou hast left thine home then, and obey'd
" The feverish fancies of thine ardent brain!
" And hast thou left him too, the youth whose eye
" For ever glancing on thee, spake so well
" Affection's eloquent tale?"
So as he said,
Rush'd the warm purple to the Virgin's cheek.
" I am alone," she answer'd, " for this realm
" Devoted." Nor to answer more the Maid
Endur'd; for many a melancholy thought
Throng'd on her aching memory. Her mind's eye
Beheld Domremi and the fields of Arc:
Her burthen'd heart was full; such grief she felt
Yet such sweet solacing of self-applause
As cheers the banish'd Patriot's lonely hours
When Fancy pictures to him all he lov'd,
Till the big tear-drop rushes o'er its orb,
And drowns the soft enchantment.
With a look

That spake solicitous wonder, Conrade eyed
The silent Maid; nor would the Maid suppress
The thoughts that swell'd within her, or from him
Hide her soul's workings. " 'Twas on the last day
" Before I left Domremi; eve had clos'd,
" I sate beside the brook, my soul was full,
" As if inebriate with Divinity.
" Then Conrade! I beheld a ruffian herd
" Circle a flaming pile, where at the stake
" A woman stood; the iron bruis'd her breast,
" And round her limbs ungarmented, the fire
" Curl'd its fierce flakes. I saw her countenance,
" I knew MYSELF." Then, in subdued tones
Of calmness, " there are moments when the soul
" From her own impulse with strange dread recoils,
" Suspicious of herself: but with a full
" And perfect faith I know this vision sent
" From Heaven, and feel of its unerring truth,
" As that God liveth, that I live myself,
" The feeling that deceives not."

By the hand
Her Conrade held and cried, "Ill-fated Maid,
"That I have torn thee from Affection's breast,
"My soul will groan in anguish. Thou wilt serve
"Like me, the worthless Court, and having serv'd,
"In the hour of ill abandon'd, thou wilt curse
"The duty that deluded. Of the world
"Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow men,
"I shall be seen no more. There is a path...
"The eagle hath not mark'd it, the young wolf
"Knows not its hidden windings: I have trod
"That path, and mark'd a melancholy den,
"Where one whose jaundiced soul abhors itself,
"May pamper him in complete wretchedness.
"There sepulchred, the ghost of what he was,
"Conrade shall dwell, and in the languid hour,
"When the jarr'd senses sink to a sick calm,
"Shall mourn the waste of frenzy!"
Then the Maid
Fix'd upon Conrade her commanding eye,

" I pass'd the fertile Auxerrois," she cried,
" The vines had spread their interwoven shoots
" Over the unprun'd vineyards, and the grape
" Rotted beneath the leaves, for there was none
" To tread the vintage, and the birds of Heaven
" Had had their fill. I saw the cattle start
" As they did hear the loud alarum bell,
" And with a piteous moaning vainly seek
" To fly the coming slaughterers. I look'd back
" Upon the cottage where I had partook
" The peasant's meal, and saw it wrapt in flames.
" And then I thank'd my God that I had burst
" The stubborn ties which fetter down the soul
" To selfish happiness, and on this earth
" Was as a pilgrim ... Conrade! rouse thyself!
" Cast the weak nature off! a time like this
" Is not for gentler feelings, for the glow
" Of love, the overflowings of the heart;
" There is oppression in thy country, Conrade!
" There is a cause, a holy cause, that needs

" The brave man's aid. Live for it, and enjoy
" Earth's noblest recompense, thine own esteem;
" Or die in that good cause, and thy reward
" Shall sure be found in Heaven."

He answer'd not,
But clasping to his heart the virgin's hand,
Hasten'd across the plain. She with dim eyes,
For gushing tears obscur'd them, follow'd him
Till lost in distance. With a weight of thought
Opprest, along the poplar-planted Vienne
Awhile she wander'd, then upon the bank
She laid her down, and watch'd the tranquil stream
Flow with a quiet murmuring, by the clouds
Of evening purpled. The perpetual flow,
The ceaseless murmuring, lull'd her to such dreams
As Memory in her melancholy mood
Loves best. The wonted scenes of Arc arose;
She saw the forest brook, the weed that wav'd
Its long green tresses in the stream, the crag
Which overbrow'd the spring, and that old yew

Which thro' the bare and rifted rock had forced
Its twisted trunk, the berries cheerful red
Starring its gloomy green. Her pleasant home
She saw, and those who made that home so dear,
Her lov'd lost friends. The mingled feelings fill'd
Her eyes, when from behind a voice was heard,
" O Lady! canst thou tell me where to find
" The Maid whom Heaven hath sent to rescue France?"
Thrill'd by the well-known tones, she started up,
And fell upon the neck of Theodore.

" Have I then found thee!" cried the impassion'd
youth;
" Henceforth we part no more, but where thou goest
" Thither go I. Beloved! in the front
" Of battle thou shalt find me at thy side;
" And in the breach this breast shall be thy shield
" And rampart. Oh, ungenerous! Why from me
" Conceal the inspiration? why from me
" Hide thy miraculous purpose? Am I then

" So all-unworthy that thou shouldst set forth
" Beneath another's guidance?"
Thus he cried,
Mingling reproach with tenderness, yet still
Clasping in warm embrace the maid belov'd.
She of her bidding and futurity
Awhile forgetful, patient of the embrace,
With silent tears of joy bedew'd his neck.
At length, " I hope," she cried, " thou art not come
" With heavier fault and breach of nearer tie!
" How did thy mother spare thee,..thou alone
" The stay and comfort of her widowed age?
" Did she upon thy parting steps bestow
" Her free-will blessing, or hast thou set forth,
" Which Heaven forbid, unlicens'd, and unblest?"

" Oh, surely not unblest!" the youth replied:
Yet conscious of his unrepented fault,
With countenance flush'd, and faltering in reply:
" She wept at my departure, she would fain
" Have turn'd me from my purpose, and my heart

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" Perhaps had fail'd me, if it had not glow'd
" With ardour like thine own: the sacred fire
" With which thy bosom burns had kindled me:
" High in prophetic hope, I bade her place
" Her trust in Heaven; I bade her look to hear
" Good tidings soon of glorious victory:
" I told her I should soon return, .. return
" With thee, and thou wouldst be to her old age
" What Madelon had been."

As thus he spake,
Warm with the imaginary bliss, he clasp'd
The dear one closer to his yearning heart.
But the devoted Virgin in his arms
Started and shudder'd, for the flaming pile
Flash'd on remembrance now, and on her soul
The whole terrific vision rose again.
A death-like paleness at the dreadful thought
Wither'd her cheek; the sweat suffus'd her brow,
And falling on the neck of Theodore,
Feeble and faint she hung. His eager eye

Concentring all the anguish of the soul,
And strain'd in anxious love, gazed fearfully
With wondering anguish; till the ennobling thought
Of her high mission rous'd her, and her soul
Collected, and she spake.

" My Theodore,
" Thou hast done ill to quit thy mother's home!
" Alone and aged she will weep for thee,
" Wasting the little that is left of life
" In anguish. Now go back again to Arc,
" And cheer her wintry hours of widowhood,
" And love my memory there."

Swift he exclaim'd,
" Nay, Maid! the pang of parting is o'erpast,
" And Elinor looks on to the glad hour
" When we shall both return. Amid the war
" How many an arm will seek thy single life,
" How many a sword and spear ... I will go with thee
" And spread the guardian shield!"

" Nay," she replied,

" I shall not need thy succour in the war.
" Me heaven, if so seem good to its high will,
" Will save. I shall be happier, Theodore,
" Thinking that thou dost sojourn safe at home,
" And make thy mother happy."
The youth's cheek
A rapid blush disorder'd. " Oh! the court
" Is pleasant, and thy soul would fain forget
" A humble villager, who only boasts
" The treasure of the heart!"
She look'd at him
With the reproaching eye of tenderness:
" Injurious man! Devoted for this realm,
" I go a willing victim. The dark veil
" Hath been for me withdrawn, these eyes beheld
" The fearful features of Futurity.
" Yes, Theodore, I shall redeem my country,
" Abandoning for this the joys of life,
" Yea, life itself!" then on his neck she fell,
And with a faultering voice, " Return to Arc!

" I do not tell thee there are other maids
" As fair; for thou wilt love my memory,
" Hallowing to me the temple of thy heart.
" Worthy a happier, not a better love,
" My Theodore!"—Then, pressing his pale lips
A last and holy kiss the virgin fix'd,
And rush'd across the plain.

She reach'd the court
Breathless. The mingled movements of her mind
Shook every fibre. Sad and sick at heart,
Fain to her lonely chamber's solitude
The Maiden had retir'd; but her the King
Met on the threshold. He of the late scene
Forgetful and his crime, as cheerful seem'd
As tho' there had not been a God in Heaven!
" Enter the hall," he cried, " the masquers there
" Join in the dance. Why, Maiden, art thou sad?
" Has that rude madman shook thy gentle frame
" With his strange frenzies?"

Ere the Maid replied

The Son of Orleans came with joyful speed,
Poising his massy javelin.
" Thou hast rous'd
" The sleeping virtue of the sons of France;
" They crowd around the standard," cried the chief.
" My lance is ponderous, and my sword is sharp'd
" To meet the mortal combat. Mission'd Maid,
" Our brethren sieged in Orleans, every moment
" Gaze from the watch-tower with the sick'ning eye
" Of expectation."
Then the King exclaim'd,
" O chosen by Heaven! defer one day thy march,
" That humbled at the altar we may join
" The general prayer. Be these our holy rites
" To-morrow's task;—to night for merriment!"

The Maid replied, " The wretched ones in Orleans,
" In fear and hunger and expiring hope,
" Await my succour, and my prayers would plead
" In Heaven against me, did they waste one hour

" When active duty calls. For this night's mirth
" Hold me excus'd; in truth I am not fit
" For merriment; a heavy charge is on me,
" And I must put away all mortal thoughts."
Her heart was full, and pausing, she repress'd
The unbidden anguish. " Lo! they crowd around
" The standard! Thou, Dunois, the chosen troops
" Marshal in speed, for early with the dawn
" We march to rescue Orleans from the foe."

JOAN OF ARC.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

SCARCE had the early dawn from Chinon's towers
Made visible the mist that curl'd along
The river's winding way, when from her couch
The martial Maid arose. She mail'd her limbs;
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head;
She girt the sacred falchion by her side,
And, like a youth who from his mother's arms,
For his first field impatient, breaks away,
Poising the lance went forth.
Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in order'd ranks their glittering spears,
Await her coming. Terrible in arms
Before them tower'd Dunois, his manly face
O'er-shadow'd by the helmet's iron cheeks.

The assembled court gaz'd on the marshall'd train,
And at the gate the aged prelate stood
To pour his blessing on the chosen host.
And now a soft and solemn symphony
Was heard, and, chaunting high the hallow'd hymn,
From the near convent came the vestal maids.
A holy banner, woven by virgin hands,
Snow-white they bore. A mingled sentiment
Of awe, and eager ardor for the fight,
Thrill'd thro' the army, as the reverend man
Took the white standard, and with heaven-ward eye
Call'd on the God of Justice, blessing it.
The Maid, her brows in reverence unhelm'd,
Her dark hair floating on the morning gale,
Knelt to his prayer, and stretching forth her hand
Receiv'd the mystic ensign. From the host
A loud and universal shout burst forth,
As rising from the ground, on her white brow,
She placed the plumed casque, and wav'd on high
The banner'd lilies. On their way they march,

And dim in distance, soon the towers of Chinon
Fade from the eye reverted.

The sixth sun,
Purpling the sky with his dilated light,
Sunk westering; when embosomed in the depth
Of that old forest, which for many a league
Shadows the hills and vales of Orleannois,
They pitch their tents. The hum of occupation
Sounds ceaseless. Waving to the evening gale
The streamers wanton; and, ascending slow
Beneath the foliage of the forest trees,
With many a light hue tinged, the curling smoke
Melts in the impurpled air. Leaving her tent,
The martial Maiden wander'd through the wood;
There, by a streamlet, on the mossy bank
Reclin'd, she saw a damsel; her long locks
With willow wreath'd; upon her lap there lay
A dark-hair'd man, listening as she did sing
Sad ditties, and enwreathe to bind his brow
The melancholy garland. At the sound

Of one in arms approaching, she had fled;
But Conrade, looking upward, recogniz'd
The Maid of Arc. " Nay, fear not, Isabel,"
Said he, " for this is one of gentle kind,
" Whom even the wretched need not fear to love."

So saying, he arose and took her hand,
And held it to his bosom. " My weak heart,
" Tho' school'd by wrongs to loath at human kind,
" Will beat, rebellious to its own resolves.
" Come hither, outcast one! and call her friend,
" And she shall be thy friend more readily
" Because thou art unhappy."
Isabel
Saw a tear starting in the virgin's eye,
And glancing upon Conrade, she too wept,
Wailing his wilder'd senses.
" Mission'd Maid!"
The warrior cried, " be happy! for thy power
" Can make this sufferer so. From Orleans driven,

" Orphan'd by war, and of her only friend
" Bereft, I found her wandering in the wilds,
" Worn out with want and wretchedness. Thou, *JOAN*,
" Wilt his beloved to the youth restore;
" And, trust me, Maid! the miserable feel
" When they on others bestow happiness,
" Their happiest consolation."

She replied,
Pressing the damel's hand, in the mild tone
Of equal friendship, solacing her cares:
" Soon shall we enter Orleans," said the Maid;
" A few hours in her dream of victory
" England shall triumph; then to be awak'd
" By the loud thunder of Almighty wrath!
" Irksome meantime the busy camp to me
" A solitary woman. Isabel,
" Wert thou the while companion of my tent,
" Lightlier the time would pass. Return with me,
" I may not long be absent."

So she spake.

The wanderer in half-utter'd words express'd
Grateful assent. " Art thou astonish'd, Maid,
" That one tho' powerful is benevolent?
" In truth thou well mayest wonder!" Conrade cried.
" But little cause to love the mighty ones
" Hath the low cottager! for with its shade
" Doth POWER, a barren death-dew-dropping tree,
" Blast ev'ry herb beneath its baleful boughs!
" Tell thou thy sufferings, Isabel! Relate
" How warr'd the chieftains, and the people died.
" The mission'd virgin hath not heard thy woes;
" And pleasant to mine ear the twice-told tale
" Of sorrow."
Gazing on the martial Maid
She read her wish, and spake. " A wanderer now,
" Friendless and hopeless, still I love to think
" Upon my native home, and call to mind
" Each haunt of careless youth; the woodbin'd wall,
" The jessamine that round the straw-roof'd cot
" Its fragrant branches wreath'd, beneath whose shade

" I wont to sit and watch the setting sun,
" And hear the redbreast's lay. Nor far remote,
" As o'er the subject landskip round I gaz'd,
" The towers of Yenville rose upon the view.
" A foreign master holds my father's home!
" I, far away, remember the past years,
" And weep.

" Two brethren form'd our family;
" Humble we were, and happy. Honest toil
" Procur'd our homely sustenance; our herds
" Duly at morn and evening to my hand
" Gave their full stores; the vineyard we had rear'd
" Purpled its clusters in the southern sun,
" And, plenteous produce of my father's toil,
" The yellow harvest billow'd o'er the plain.
" How cheerful, seated round the blazing hearth
" When all the labour of the day was done,
" We past the evening hours! for they would sing
" Or cheerful roundelay, or ditty sad
" Of maid forsaken and the willow weed,

" Or of the doughty Paladins of France,
" Some warlike fit, the while my spinning wheel
" Humm'd not unpleasing round!
" Thus long we liv'd,
" And happy. To a neighbouring youth my hand
" In holy wedlock soon to be consign'd
" Was plighted: my poor Francis!" Here she paus'd,
And here she wept awhile.
" We did not dream
" The desolating sword of War would stoop
" To us; but soon as with the whirlwind's speed
" Ruin rush'd round us. Mehun, Clery, fell,
" The banner'd Leopard wav'd on Gergeau's wall;
" Baugenci yielded; soon the foe approach'd
" The towers of Yenville.
" Fatal was the hour
" To wretched Isabel: for from the wall
" The rusty sword was taken, and the shield
" Which long had moulder'd on the mouldering nail,
" To meet the war repair'd. No more was heard

" The ballad, or the merry roundelay;
" The clattering hammer's clank, the grating file
" Harsh sounded thro' the day a dismal din.
" I never shall forget their mournful sound!

" My father stood encircling his old limbs
" In long-forgotten arms. " Come, boys," he cried,
" I did not think that this grey head again
" Should bear the helmet's weight! but in the field
" Better to boldly die a soldier's death,
" Than here be tamely butcher'd. Isabel,
" Go to the abbey: if we should survive
" We soon shall meet again: if not, my child,
" There is a better world!"
" In broken words,
" Lifting his looks to Heaven, my father breath'd
" His blessing on me. As they strode away,
" My brethren gaz'd on me and wrung my hand
" In silence, for they lov'd their Isabel.
" From the near cottage Francis join'd the troop.

" Then did I look on our forsaken home,
" And almost sob my very soul away!
" For all my hopes of happiness were fled,
" Like a vain dream!'

" Perish these mighty ones,"
Cried Conrade, " these prime ministers of death,
" Who stalk elated o'er their fields of fame,
" And count the thousands they have massacred,
" And with the bodies of the innocent, rear
" Their pyramid of glory! perish these,
" The epitome of all the pestilent plagues
" That Egypt knew! who pour their locust swarms
" O'er ravaged realms, and bid the brooks run blood.
" FEAR and DESTRUCTION go before their path,
" And FAMINE dogs their footsteps. God of Justice,
" Let not the innocent blood cry out in vain!"

Thus while he spake, the murmur of the camp
Rose on their ear: first like the distant sound
When the full-foliaged forest to the storm

Shakes its hoarse head; anon with louder din;
And thro' the opening glade gleam'd many a fire.
The virgin's tent they enter'd; there the board
Was spread, the wanderer of the fare partook,
Then thus her tale renew'd.

" Slow o'er the hill
" Whose rising head conceal'd our cot I past,
" Yet on my journey paus'd awhile, and gaz'd
" And wept; for often had I crost the hill
" With cheerful step, and seen the rising smoke
" Of hospitable fire; alas! no smoke
" Curl'd o'er its melancholy chimneys now!
" Orleans I reach'd. There in the suburbs stood
" The abbey; and ere long I learnt the fall
" Of Yenville.

" On a day, a soldier ask'd
" For Isabel. Scarce could my faltering feet
" Support me. It was Francis, and alone...
" The sole survivor of the fatal fight!

" And soon the foes approach'd: impending war

" Soon sadden'd Orleans. There the bravest chiefs
" Assemble: Thouars, Coarase, Chabannes,
" And the Sire Chapelle in successful war
" Since wounded to the death, and that good Knight
" Giresme of Rhodes, who in a better cause
" Can never wield the crucifix that hilts
" His hallowed sword, and Xaintrailles ransom'd now,
" And Fayette late releas'd, and that young Duke
" Who at Verneuil senseless with many a wound
" Fell prisoner, and La Hire, the merriest man
" That ever yet did win his soldiers love,
" And over all for hardihood renown'd
" The Bastard Orleans.
" These within the town
" Expect the foe. Twelve hundred chosen men
" Well tried in war, uprear the guardian shield
" Beneath their banners. Dreadful was the sight
" Of preparation. The wide suburbs stretch'd
" Along the pleasant borders of the Loire,
" Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand
" Of ruin. These preventive care destroys,

" Lest England, shelter'd by the friendly walls,
" Securely should approach. The monasteries
" Fell in the general waste. The holy monks
" Unwillingly their long-accustomed haunts
" Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook
" Call'd to awaken'd memory some trace
" Of vision seen, or sound miraculous.
" Trembling and terrified, their noiseless cells
" For the rude uproar of a world unknown,
" The nuns desert: their abbess, more compos'd,
" Collects her maids around, and tells her beads,
" And pours the timid prayer of piety.
" The citizens with long and ceaseless stroke
" Dig up the violated earth, to impede
" The foe: the hollow chambers of the dead
" Echo'd beneath. The brazen-trophied tomb
" Thrown in the furnace, now prepares to give
" The death it late recorded. It was sad
" To see so wide a waste; the aged ones
" Hanging their heads, and weeping as they went

" O'er the fall'n dwellings of their happier years;
" The stern and sullen silence of the men
" Musing on vengeance: and, but ill repress,
" The mother's fears as to her breast she clasp'd
" Her ill-doom'd infant. Soon the suburbs lay
" One ample ruin; the huge stones remov'd,
" Wait in the town to rain the storm of death.

" And now without the walls the desolate plain
" Stretch'd wide, a rough and melancholy waste,
" With uptorn pavements and foundations deep
" Of many a ruin'd dwelling: nor within
" Less dreary was the scene; at evening hour
" No more the merry viol's note was heard,
" No more the aged matron at her door
" Humm'd cheery to her spinning wheel, and mark'd
" Her children dancing to the roundelay.
" The chieftains strengthening still the massy walls,
" Survey them with the prying eye of fear.
" The eager youth in dreadful preparation

" Strive in the mimic war. Silent and stern,
" With the hurrying restlessness of fear, they urge
" Their gloomy labours. In the city dwelt
" An utter silence of all pleasant sounds,
" But all day long the armourers beat was heard,
" And all the night it echoed.

" Soon the foe
" Led to our walls the siege: as on they move
" The clarions clangor, and the cheerful fife,
" According to the thundering drum's deep sound,
" Direct their measur'd march. Before the ranks
" Stalks the stern form of Salisbury, the scourge
" Of France; and Talbot towered by his side,
" Talbot, at whose dread name the froward child
" Clings mute and trembling to his nurse's breast.
" Suffolk was there, and Hungerford, and Scales,
" And Fastolffe, victor in the frequent fight.
" Dark as the autumnal storm they roll'd along,
" A countless host! From the high tower I mark'd
" The dreadful scene; I saw the iron blaze

" Of javelins sparkling to the noontide sun,
" Their banners tossing to the troubled gale,
" And .. fearful music .. heard upon the wind
" The modulated step of multitudes.

" There in the midst, shuddering with fear, I saw
" The dreadful stores of death ; tremendous roll'd
" Over rough roads the harsh wheels; the brazen tubes
" Flash'd in the sun their fearful splendor far,
" And last the loaded waggons creak'd along.

" Nor were our chieftains whilst their care procur'd
" Human defence, neglectful to implore
" That heavenly aid, deprived of which the strength
" Of man is weakness. Bearing thro' our streets
" The precious relics of the holy dead,
" The monks and nuns pour'd many an earnest prayer,
" Devoutly join'd by all. Saint Aignan's shrine
" Was throng'd by supplicants, the general voice
" Call'd on Saint Aignan's name again to save

" His people, as of yore, before he past
" Into the fullness of eternal rest,
" When by the Spirit to the lingering camp
" Of Ætius borne, he brought the timely aid,
" And Attila with all his multitudes
" Far off retreated to their field of shame."

And now Dunois, for he had seen the camp
Well-order'd, enter'd. " One night more in peace
" England shall rest," he cried, " ere yet the storm
" Burst on her guilty head! then their proud vaunts
" Forgotten, or remember'd to their shame,
" Vainly her chiefs shall curse the hour when first
" They pitch'd their tents round Orleans."
" Of that siege,"
The Maid of Arc replied, " gladly I hear
" The detail. Isabel proceed! for soon
" Destin'd to rescue this devoted town,
" The tale of all the ills she hath endur'd,
" I listen, sorrowing for the past, and feel

" High satisfaction at the saviour power
" To me commission'd."
Thus the virgin spake,
Nor Isabel delay'd. " And now more near
" The hostile host advancing pitch their tents.
" Unnumber'd streamers wave, and clamorous shouts,
" Anticipating conquest, rend the air
" With universal uproar. From their camp
" A herald comes; his garb emblazon'd o'er
" With leopards and the lilies of our realm,
" Foul shame to France! The summons of the foe
" He brought."
The Bastard interrupting cried,
" I was with Gaucour and the assembled chiefs,
" When by his office privileged and proud
" That herald spake, as certain of success
" As he had made a league with Victory.
" Nobles of France rebellious! from the chief
" Of yon victorious host, the mighty Earl
" Of Salisbury, now there in place of him

" Your Regent John of Bedford: in his name
" I come, and in our sovereign Lord the King's,
" Henry. Ye know full well our master's claim,
" Incontrovertible to this good realm,
" By right descent, and solemnly confirm'd
" By your great monarch and our mighty king
" Fifth Henry, in the treaty ratified
" At Troyes, wherein your monarch did disclaim
" All future right and title to this crown,
" His own exempted, for his son and heirs
" Down to the end of time. This sign'd and seal'd
" At the holy altar, and by nuptial knot
" Of Henry and your princess, yields the realm,
" Charles dead and Henry, to his infant son
" Henry of Windsor. Who then dares oppose
" My master's title, in the face of God
" Of wilful perjury, most atrocious crime,
" Stands guilty, and of flat rebellion 'gainst
" The Lord's anointed. He at Paris crown'd
" With loud acclaim from duteous multitudes

" Thus speaks by me. Deliver up your town
" To Salisbury, and yield yourselves and arms,
" So shall your lives be safe: and such his grace,
" If of your free accor' to him you pay
" Due homage as your sovereign lord and king,
" Your rich estates, your houses shall be safe,
" And you in favour stand, as is the Duke,
" Philip of Burgundy. But..mark me well!
" If obstinately wilful, you persist
" To scorn his proffer'd mercy; not one stone
" Upon another of this wretched town
" Shall then be left: and when the English host
" Triumphant in the dust have trod the towers
" Of Orleans, who survive the dreadful war
" Shall die like traitors by the hangman's hand.
" Ye men of France, remember Caen and Roan!"

" He ceased: nor Gaucour for a moment paus'd
" To form reply.
" Herald! to all thy vaunts
" Of English sovereignty let this suffice

" For answer: France will only own as king
" Him whom the people chuse. On Charles's brow,
" Transmitted thro' a long and good descent,
" The crown remains. We know no homage due
" To English robbers, and disclaim the peace
" Inglorious made at Troyes by factious men
" Hostile to France. Thy master's proffer'd grace
" Meets the contempt it merits. Herald, yes,
" We shall remember Meaux, and Caen, and Roan!
" Go tell the mighty Earl of Salisbury,
" That as like Blanchard, Gaucour dares his power;
" Like Blanchard, he can mock his cruelty,
" And triumph by enduring. Speak I well,
" Ye men of Orleans?"
" Never did I hear
" A shout so universal as ensued
" Of approbation. The assembled host
" As with one voice pour'd forth their loyalty,
" And struck their sounding shields; and walls and
" towers,

" Echoed the loud uproar. The herald went.
" The work of war began."
" A fearful scene,"
Cried Isabel. " The iron storm of death
" Clash'd in the sky; from the strong engines hurl'd
" Huge rocks with tempest force convuls'd the air;
" Then was there heard at once the clang of arms,
" The bellowing cannons, and the soldier's shout,
" The female's shriek, the affrighted infant's cry,
" The groan of death: discord of dreadful sounds
" That jarr'd the soul!
" Nor while the encircling foe
" Leager'd the walls of Orleans, idly slept
" Our friends: for winning down the Loire its way
" The frequent vessel with provision fraught,
" And men, and all the artillery of death,
" Cheer'd us with welcome succour. At the bridge
" These safely stranded mock'd the foeman's force.
" This to prevent, Salisbury, their watchful chief,
" A mighty work prepares. Around our walls,

" Encircling walls he builds, surrounding this
" The city. Firm'd with massiest buttresses,
" At equal distance, sixty forts protect
" The pile. But chief where in the sieged town
" The six great avenues meet in the midst,
" Six castles there he rear'd impregnable,
" With deep-dug moats and bridges drawn aloft,
" Where over the strong gate suspended hung
" The dread portcullis. Thence the gunner's eye
" From his safe shelter could with ease survey
" Intended sally, or approaching aid,
" And point destruction.

" It were long to tell
" And tedious, how with many a bold assault
" The men of Orleans rush'd upon their foes;
" How after difficult fight the enemy
" Possess'd the Tournelles, and the embattled tower
" That shadows from the bridge the subject Loire;
" Tho' numbering now three thousand daring men,
" Frequent and fierce the garrison repell'd

" Their far out-numbering foes. From every aid
" Included, they in Orleans groan'd beneath
" All ills accumulate. The shatter'd roofs
" Gave to the dews of night free passage there,
" And ever and anon the ponderous stone,
" Ruining where'er it fell, with hideous crash
" Came like an earthquake, startling from his sleep
" The affrighted soldier. From the brazen slings
" The wild-fire balls shower'd thro' the midnight sky;
" And often their huge engines cast among us
" The dead and loathsome cattle of their camp,
" As tho' our enemies, to their deadly league
" Forcing the common air, would make us breathe
" Poisonous pollution. Thro' the streets were seen
" The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haste
" Piled up and steaming to infected Heaven.
" For ever the incessant storm of death
" Pours down, and shrouded in unwholesome vaults
" The wretched females hide, not idle there,
" Wasting the hours in tears, but all employ'd,

" Or to provide the hungry soldier's meal,
" Or tear their garments to bind up his wounds:
" A sad equality of wretchedness!

" Now came the worst of ills, for Famine came!
" The provident hand deals out its scanty dole,
" Yielding so little a supply to life
" As but protracted death. The loathliest food
" Hunted with eager eye, and dainty deem'd;
" The dog is slain, that at his master's feet
" Howling with hunger lay; with jealous fear,
" Hating a rival's look, the husband hides
" His miserable meal; the famished babe
" Clings closely to his dying mother's breast;
" And—horrible to tell!—where, thrown aside
" There lay unburied in the open streets
" Huge heaps of carcasses, the soldier stands
" Eager to mark the carrion crow for food.

" O peaceful scenes of childhood! pleasant fields!

" Haunts of mine infancy, where I have stray'd
" Tracing the brook along its winding way,
" Or pluck'd the primrose, or with giddy speed
" Chaced the gay butterfly from flower to flower!
" O days in vain remember'd! how my soul,
" Sick with calamity, and the sore ills
" Of hunger, dwelt upon you!..quiet home!
" Thinking of you amid the waste of war,
" I could in bitterness have curs'd the great
" Who made me what I was! a helpless one,
" Orphan'd, and wanting bread!"
" And be they curst!"
Conrade exclaim'd, his dark eye flashing rage;
" And be they curst! O groves and woodland shades,
" How blest indeed were you, if the iron rod
" Should one day from Oppression's hand be wrench'd
" By everlasting Justice! come that hour,
" When in the Sun the Angel of the Lord
" Shall stand and cry to all the fowls of Heaven,
" Gather ye to the supper of your God,

" That ye may eat the flesh of mighty men,
" Of captains, and of kings!" Then shall be peace."

" And now, lest all should perish," she pursued,
" The women and the infirm must from the town
" Go forth and seek their fate.
" I will not now
" Recall the moment, when on my poor Francis
" With a long look I hung! At dead of night,
" Made mute by fear, we mount the secret bark,
" And glide adown the stream with silent oars:
" Thus thrown upon the mercy of mankind,
" I wandered reckless where, till wearied out,
" And cold at heart, I laid me down to die:
" So by this warrior found. Him I had known
" And lov'd, for all lov'd Conrade who had known him;
" Nor did I feel so pressing the hard hand
" Of want in Orleans, ere he parted thence
" On perilous envoy. For of his small fare"—

" Of this enough," said Conrade; " Holy Maid!

" One duty yet awaits me to perform.
" Orleans her envoy sent me, to demand
" Aid from her idle sovereign. Willingly
" Did I achieve the hazardous enterprize,
" For Rumour had already made me fear
" The ill that hath fallen on me. It remains,
" Ere I do banish me from human kind,
" That I re-enter Orleans, and announce
" Thy march. 'Tis night—and hark! how dead a
" silence!
" Fit hour to tread so perilous a path!"

So saying, Conrade from the tent went forth.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE night was calm, and many a moving cloud
Shadow'd the moon. Along the forest glade
With swift food Conrade past, and now had reach'd
The plain, where whilome by the pleasant Loire,
Cheer'd with the song, the rustics had beheld
The day go down upon their merriment:
No song of Peace now echoed on its banks,
There tents were pitch'd, and there the centinel,
Slow pacing on his sullen rounds, beheld
The frequent corse roll down the tainted stream.
Conrade with wider sweep pursued his way,
Shunning the camp, now hush'd in sleep and still.
And now no sound was heard save of the Loire,
Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet

Alarm'd him; nearer drew the fearful sound
As of pursuit; anon.. the clash of arms!
That instant rising o'er a broken cloud
The moon-beams shone, where two with force combin'd
Prest on a single foe; he, warding still
Their swords, retreated in the unequal fight,
As he would make the city. Conrade shook
His long lance for the war, and strode along,
Full in the breast of one with forceful arm
Plunged he the spear of death; and as, dismay'd
The other fled, "now haste we to the gates,
"Frenchman!" he cried. On to the stream they speed,
And plunging stemm'd with sinewy stroke the tide,
Soon on the opposite shore arriv'd and safe.

"Whence art thou?" cried the warrior; "on what
"charge
"Commission'd!"
"Is it not the voice of Conrade?'
Francis exclaim'd; "and dost thou bring to us

" Tidings of speedy aid? oh! had it come
" A few hours earlier! Isabel is gone!"

" Nay she is safe:" cried Conrade, " her I found
" When wilder'd in the forest, and consign'd
" To the protection of the holy Maid,
" The delegate of Heaven. One evening more
" And thou shalt see thine Isabel. Now say,
" Wherefore alone? A fugitive from Orleans,
" Or sent on dangerous service from the town!"

" There is no food in Orleans," he replied,
" Scarce a meal more! the assembled chiefs resolv'd,
" If thou shouldst bring no tidings of near aid,
" To cut their way to safety, or by death
" Prevent the pang of famine. One they sought
" Who venturous in the English camp should spy
" Where safest they might rush upon the foe.
" The perilous task I chose, then desperate
" Of happiness."

So saying, they approach'd
The gate. The centinel, soon as he heard
Thitherward footsteps, with uplifted lance
Challenged the darkling travellers. At their voice
He draws the strong bolts back, and painful turns
The massy entrance. To the careful chiefs
They pass. At midnight of their extreme state
Counselling they sat, serious and stern. To them
Conrade.

" Assembled warriors! sent from God,
" There is a holy Maid by miracles
" Made manifest. Twelve hundred chosen men
" Follow her hallowed standard. These Dunois,
" The strength of France, arrays. With the next noon
" Ye shall behold their march."

Astonishment
Seized the assembled chiefs, and joy by doubt
Little repress'd. " Open the granaries!"
Xaintrailles exclaim'd; " give we to all the host
" With hand unsparing now the pleanteous meal;

" To-morrow we are safe! for Heaven all just
" Hath seen our sufferings and decreed their end.
" Let the glad tidings echo thro' the town!
" God is with us!"
" Rest not in too full faith,"
Graville replied, " on this miraculous aid.
" Some frenzied female whose wild phantasy,
" Shaping vain dreams, infects the credulous
" With her own madness! that Dunois is there,
" Leading in arms twelve hundred chosen men,
" May give good hope, yet let not we our food
" Be lavish'd, lest the warrior in the fight
" Should haply fail, and Orleans be the prey
" Of England!"
" Chief! I tell thee," Conrade cried,
" I did myself behold the sepulchre,
" Fulfilling what she spake, give up those arms
" Which surely for no common end the grave
" Thro' many an age hath held inviolate.
" She is the delegate of the Most High,

" And shall deliver Orleans!"

Gaucour then,

" Be it as thou hast said. High hope I feel,
" For surely to no vulgar tale these chiefs
" Would yield a light belief. Our scanty stores
" Must yield us, ere another week elapse,
" To death or England. Tell thro' all our troops
" There is a holy virgin sent from God;
" They in that faith invincible shall war
" With more than mortal fury."

Thus the chief,
And what he said seem'd good. The men of Orleans,
Long by their foeman bay'd, a victim band
To war, and woe, and want, such transport felt,
As when the Mexicans, with eager eye
Gazing to Huixachtla's distant top,
On that last night, doubtful if ever morn
Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire
Flame on the breast of some brave prisoner,
A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze

Beaming on Iztapalapan's near towers,
Or on Tezcuco's calmy lake flash'd far,
Songs of thanksgiving and the shout of joy
Wake the loud echo; the glad husband tears
The mantling aloe from the female's face,
And children, now deliver'd from the dread
Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,
Hail the good omen, and expect the sun
Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race.

Thus while in that besieged town the night
Wain'd sleepless, silent slept the hallowed host.
And now the morning came. From his hard couch,
Lightly upstarting and bedight in arms,
The Bastard mov'd along, with provident eye
Marshalling the troops. All high in hope they march;
And now the sun shot from the southern sky
His noon-tide radiance, when afar they hear
The hum of men, and mark the distant towers
Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,
And many a streamer wantoning in air.

These as they saw and thought of all the ills
Their brethren had endur'd, beleager'd there
For many a month; such ardor for the fight
Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt
Then when Mohammed of the assembled tribe
Ask'd who would be his vizir. Fierce in faith,
Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth,
" Prophet of God! lo..I will be the man!"
And well did Ali merit that high post,
Victorious upon Beder's fertile vale,
And on mount Ohud, and before the walls
Of Chaibar, when down-cleaving to the chest
His giant foe, he grasp'd the massy gate,
Shook with strong arm and tore it from the fort,
And lifted it in air, portentous shield!

" Behold the tower of Orleans," cried Dunois.
" Lo! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,
" Of yore, at close of day the rustic band
" Danced to the roundelay. In younger years

" As oft I glided down the silver stream,
" Frequent upon the lifted oar I paus'd,
" Listening the sound of far-off merriment.
" There wave the hostile banners! martial Maid,
" Give thou the signal!..let me rush upon
" These ministers of murder, who have sack'd
" The fruitful fields, and made the hamlet haunts
" Silent, or hearing but the widow's groan.
" Give thou the signal, Maiden!"
Her dark eye
Fix'd sadly on the foe, the holy Maid
Answer'd him. " Ere the bloody sword be drawn,
" And slaughter be let loose, befits us send
" Some peaceful messenger, who shall make known
" The will of Heaven. So timely warn'd, our foes
" Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace
" Besieged Orleans, for I fain would spare
" The bloody price of victory."
So she said;
And as she spake, a soldier from the ranks

Came forward. "I will be thy messenger,
"Maiden of God! and to the English camp
"Will bear thy bidding."
"Go," the Virgin cried,
"Say to the Lord of Salisbury, and the chiefs
"Of England, Suffolk, Fastolffe, Talbot, Scales,
"Invaders of the country, say, thus says
"THE MAID OF ORLEANS. 'With your troops retire
"In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
"Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
"Your native island; for the God of Hosts
"Thus hath decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
"By long descent and by the willing choice
"Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
"His conquest. In his name the virgin comes
"Arm'd with his sword; yet not of mercy void.
"Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
"Victorious upon yonder wall shall wave
"The holy banner.'" To the English camp
Fearless the warrior strode.

At mid-day meal,
With all the dissonance of boisterous mirth,
The British chiefs carous'd and quaff'd the bowl
To future conquest. By the centinel
Conducted came the Frank.

" Chiefs," he exclaim'd,
" Salisbury, and ye the representatives
" Of the English king, usurper of this realm,
" To ye the leaders of the invading host
" I come, no welcome messenger. Thus saith
" THE MAID OF ORLEANS. 'With your troops retire
" In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
" Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
" Your native island; for the God of Hosts
" Thus hath decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
" By long descent and by the willing choice
" Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
" His conquest. In his name the virgin comes,
" Arm'd with his sword, yet not of mercy void.
" Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,

" Victorious upon yonder wall shall wave
" The holy banner.' "
Wonder made a pause;
To this the laugh succeeds. " What!" Fastolffe cried,
" A woman warrior hath your monarch sent
" To save devoted Orleans? By the rood,
" I thank his grace. If she be young and fair,
" No worthless prize, my lords! Go, tell your Maid,
" Joyful we wait her coming."
There was one
Among the English chiefs who had grown old
In arms, yet had not age unnerv'd his limbs,
But from the flexile nimbleness of youth
Braced to unyielding stiffness. One who saw
The warrior at the feast, might well have deem'd
That Talbot with his whole collected might
Wielded the sword in war, for on his neck
The veins were full, and every muscle bore
The character of strength. He his stern eye
Fix'd on the herald, and before he spake

His silence threaten'd.

" Get thee gone!" exclaim'd
The indignant chief, " away! nor think to scare
" With girlish phantasies the English host
" That scorns your bravest warriors. Hie thee thence,
" Insolent herald! tell this frantic girl,
" This courtly minion, to avoid my wrath,
" For if she dares the war, I will not stain
" My good blood-rusted sword.. but she shall meet
" The mockery of the camp!"

" Nay, scare her not;"
Replied their chief, " go, tell this Maid of Orleans,
" That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight.
" Nor let her fear that rude and iron chains
" Shall gall her tender limbs; for I myself
" Will be her prison, and ——"

" Contemptuous man!
" No more!" the Frank exclaim'd, as to his cheek
Rush'd the red anger. " Bearing words of peace
" And timely warning came I to your camp;

" Here with rude mockery and with insolence
" Receiv'd. Bear witness, chieftains! that the French,
" Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war."

" And who art thou?" cried Suffolk, and his eye
Grew fierce and wrath-inflam'd: " What fool art thou,
" Who at this woman's bidding com'st to brave
" The host of England? thou shalt have thy meed!"
Then turning to the centinel he cried,
" Prepare a stake! and let the men of Orleans,
" And let this woman who believes her name
" May privilege her apostle, see the fire
" Consume him. Build the stake! for by my God
" He shall be kalendered of this new faith
" First martyr."

As he spake, a sudden flush
Came o'er the herald's cheek, and his heart beat
With quicker action; but the sudden flush,
Alarmed Nature's impulse, faded soon
To such a steady hue as spake the soul

Rous'd up with all its powers, and unsubdued,
And glorying in endurance. Thro' the camp,
Soon as the tidings spread, a shout arose,
A hideous shout, more savage than the howl
Of midnight wolves; and round the Frank they throng'd,
To gaze upon their victim. He pass'd on;
And as they led him to the appointed place
Look'd round, as tho' forgetful of himself,
And cried aloud, "Oh! woe it is to think
"So many men shall never see the sun
"Go down! ye English mothers mourn ye now!
"Daughters of England weep! for hard of heart
"Still your mad leaders urge the impious war,
"And for their folly and their wickedness,
"Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.
"Long-suffering is the Lord, and slow to wrath,
"But heavy are his judgments!"
He who spake
Was young and comely; had his cheek been pale
With dread, and had his eye look'd fearfully,

Sure he had won compassion; but the blood
Gave now a livelier meaning to his cheek,
As with a prophet's look and prophet's voice
He raised his ominous warning: they who heard
Wonder'd, and they who rear'd the stake urged on
With half-unwilling hands their slacken'd toil,
And doubted what might follow.

Not unseen
Rear'd they the stake, and piled around the wood;
In sight of Orleans and the Maiden's host,
Had Suffolk's arrogant fierceness bade the work
Of death be done. The Maiden's host beheld;
At once in eager wrath they rais'd the loud
And general clamour, "Lead us to the foe!"
"Not upon us, O GOD!" the Maid exclaim'd,
"Not upon us cry out the innocent blood!"
And bade the signal sound. In the English camp
The clarion and the trumpet's blare was heard,
In haste they seize their arms, in haste they form,
Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear

Even from themselves, some silently in prayer,
For much their hearts misgave them.
But the rage
Of Suffolk swell'd within him. "Speed your work!"
Exclaim'd the savage earl; "kindle the pile
"That France may see the fire, and in defeat
"Feel aggravated shame!"
And now they bound
The herald to the stake: he cried aloud,
And fix'd his eye on Suffolk, "Let not him
"Who girdeth on his harness boast himself
"As he that puts it off! they come! they come!
"God and the Maid!"
The host of France approach'd,
And Suffolk eagerly beheld the fire
Draw near the pile; sudden a fearful shout
Toward Orleans turn'd his eye, and thence he saw
A mailed man upon a mailed steed
Come thundering on.
As when Chederles comes

To aid the Moslem on his deathless steed,
Swaying his sword with such resistless arm,
Such mightiest force, as he had newly quaff'd
The hidden waters of eternal youth,
Till with the copious draught of life and strength
Inebriate; such, so fierce, so terrible,
Came Conrade thro' the camp. Aright, aleft,
The affrighted foemen scatter from his spear;
Onward he drives, and now the circling throng
Fly from the stake, and now he checks his course,
And cuts the herald's bonds, and bids him live,
And arm, and fight, and conquer.
" Haste thee hence
" To Orleans," cried the warrior. " Tell the chiefs
" There is confusion in the English camp.
" Bid them come forth." On Conrade's steed the youth
Leapt up, and hasten'd onward. He the while
Turn'd to the war.
Like two conflicting clouds,
Pregnant with thunder, rush'd the hostile hosts.

Then man met man, then on the batter'd shield
Rung the loud lance, and thro' the darken'd sky
Fast fell the arrowy storm. Amid his foes
The Bastard's arm sway'd irresistible
The strokes of death; and by his side the Maid
Led the fierce fight, the Maid, tho' all unus'd
To such rude conflict, now inspir'd by Heaven,
Flashing her flamy falchion thro' the troops,
That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
Scatter'd the trembling ranks. The Saracen,
Tho' arm'd from Cashbin or Damascus, wields
A weaker sword; nor might that magic blade
Compare with this, which Oriana saw
Flame in the ruffian Ardan's robber hand,
When, sick and cold as death, she turn'd away
Her dizzy eyes, lest they should see the fall
Of her own Amadis. Nor plated shield,
Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,
Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she mov'd,
Like as the Angel of the Lord went forth

And smote his army, when the Assyrian king,
Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,
Blasphem'd the God of Israel.

Yet the fight
Hung doubtful, where exampling hardiest deeds,
Salisbury mow'd down the foe, and Fastolffe strove,
And in the hottest doings of the war
Towered Talbot. He, remembering the past day
When from his name the affrighted sons of France
Fled trembling, all astonish'd at their force
And wontless valour, rages round the field
Dreadful in fury; yet in every man
Meeting a foe fearless, and in the faith
Of Heaven's assistance firm.

The clang of arms
Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war
Prepar'd, and confident of victory,
Forth speed the troops. Not when afar exhal'd
The hungry raven snuffs the steam of blood
That from some carcass-cover'd field of fame

Taints the pure air, wings he more eagerly
To riot on the gore, than rush'd the ranks;
Impatient now for many an ill endur'd
In the long siege, to wreak upon their foes
Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray;
The swords that late flash'd to the evening sun
Now quench'd in blood their radiance.
O'er the host
Howl'd the deep wind that ominous of storms
Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The blacken'd night
Frown'd, and the thunder from the troubled sky
Roar'd hollow. Javelins clash'd and bucklers rang;
Shield prest on shield; loud on the helmet jarr'd
The ponderous battle axe; the frequent groan
Of death commingling with the storm was heard,
And the shrill shriek of fear.
Even such a storm
Before the walls of Chartres quell'd the pride
Of the third Edward, when the heavy hail
Smote down his soldiers, and the conqueror heard

God in the tempest, and remembered him
Of the widows he had made, and in the name
Of blessed Mary vowed the vow of peace.

Lo! where the holy banner waved aloft,
The lambent lightnings play. Irradiate round,
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
It stream'd miraculous splendour. Then their hearts
Sunk, and the English trembled; with such fear
Possess'd, as when the combined host beheld
The sun stand still on Gibeon, at the voice
Of that king-conquering warrior, he who smote
The country of the hills, and of the south,
From Baal-gad to Halak, and their chiefs,
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled
From that portentous banner, and the sword
Of France; tho' Talbot with vain valiancy
Yet urged the war, and stemm'd alone the tide
Of conquest. Even their leaders felt dismay;
Fastolffe fled fast, and Salisbury in the rout

Mingles, and all impatient of defeat,
Borne backward Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
The cry of conquest, deeper grew the storm,
And darkness, hovering o'er on raven wing,
Brooded the field of death.

Nor in the camp
Deem themselves safe the trembling fugitives.
On to the forts they haste. Bewilder'd there
Amid the moats by fear, and the dead gloom
Of more than midnight darkness, plunge the troops,
Crush'd by fast following numbers who partake
The death they give. As rushing from the snows
Of winter liquefied, the torrent tide
Resistless down the mountain rolls along,
Till at the brink of giddy precipice
Arriv'd, with deafening clamour down it falls:
Thus borne along, tumultuously the troops
Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid
The liquid death. Then rose the dreadful cries,
More dreadful, and the dash of breaking waves

That to the passing lightning as they broke
Gleam'd horrible.
Nor of the host so late
Triumphing in the pride of victory,
And swoln with confidence, had now escap'd
One wretched remnant, had not Talbot's mind,
Slow as he moved unwilling from the war,
What most might profit the defeated ranks,
Ponder'd. He reaching safe the massy fort
Nam'd from St. John, there kindled up on high
The guiding fire. Not unobserv'd it blazed;
The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
Of that proud city in remembrance fond
Call'd London, light the beacon. Soon the fires
Flame on the summit of the circling forts
Which girt around with walls and deep-delv'd moats
Included Orleans. O'er the shadowy plain
They cast a lurid splendor; to the troops
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller,
Wandering with parch'd feet o'er Arabian sands,
The far-seen cistern; he for many a league

Travelling the trackless desolate, where heav'd
With tempest swell the desart billows round,
Pauses, and shudders at his perils past,
Then wild with joy speeds on to taste the wave
So long bewail'd.

Swift as the affrighted herd
Scud o'er the plain, when frequent thro' the sky
Flash the fierce lightnings, speed the routed host
Of England. To the sheltering forts they haste,
Tho' safe, of safety doubtful, still appall'd
And trembling, as the pilgrim who by night
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl
Hears the wood echo, when from the fell beast
Escap'd, of some tall tree the topmast branch
He grasps close clinging, still of that keen fang
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the big drops stand
On his cold quivering limbs.

Nor now the Maid
Greedy of vengeance urges the pursuit.
She bids the trumpet of retreat resound;

A pleasant music to the routed ranks
Blows the loud blast. Obedient to its voice
The French, tho' eager on the invaders' heads
To wreak their wrath, stay the victorious sword.

Loud is the cry of conquest as they turn
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town
Unwilling had remain'd, haste forth to meet
The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held,
Which rais'd aloft amid the midnight storm
Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced;
Deep thro' the sky the hollow thunders roll'd;
Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner
Wreath'd their red radiance.

Thro' the open'd gate
Slow past the laden convoy. Then was heard
The shout of exultation, and such joy
The men of Orleans at that welcome sight
Possess'd, as when from Bactria late subdued,
The mighty Macedonian led his troops

Amid the Sogdian desart, where no stream
Wastes on the wild its fertilizing waves.
Fearful alike to pause, or to proceed;
Scorch'd by the sun that o'er their morning march
Steam'd his hot vapours, heart-subdued and faint;
Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights
Burst the soul-gladdening sound! for thence was seen
The evening sun silvering the vale below,
Where Oxus roll'd along.

Clamours of joy
Echo along the streets of Orleans, wont
Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry,
The mother's frantic shriek, or the dread sound,
When from the cannon burst its stores of death.
Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles,
And high heap'd carcasses, whence scar'd away
From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing
Rose the night-raven slow.

In the English forts
Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night

Steals in the straggling fugitive; as when
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky
Serenely shines the sun, with every breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Page 1.—*The Bastard Orleans.*

"Lewes duke of Orleance murthered in Paris, by Jhon duke of Burgoyne, was owner of the castle of Concy, on the frontiers of Fraunce toward Arthoys, whereof he made constable the lord of Cauny, a man not so wise as his wife was faire, and yet she was not so faire, but she was as well beloved of the duke of Orleance, as of her husband. Betwene the duke and her husband (I cannot tell who was father), she conceived a child, and brought furthe a prety boye called Jhon, whiche child beyng of the age of one yere, the duke deceased, and not long after the mother and the lord of Cawny ended their lives. The next of kynne to the lord Cawny chalenged the inheritaunce, which was worth foure thousande crounes a yere, alledgyng that the boye was a bastard: and the kynred of the mother's side, for to save her honesty, it plainly denied. In conclusion, this matter was in contencion before the presidentes of the parliament of Paris, and there hang in controversie till the child came to the age of eight years old. At whiche tyme it was demanded of hym openly

whose sonne he was; his frendes of his mother's side advertised hym to require a day, to be advised of so great an answer, whiche he asked, and to hym it was granted. In the mean season, his said frendes persuaded him to claime his inheritance as sonne to the lorde of Cawny, whiche was an honorable livyng, and an auncient patrimony, affirming that if he said contrary, he not only slaundered his mother, shamed hymself, and stained his bloud, but also should have no livyng, nor any thing to take to. The scholemaster thinkyng that his disciple had wel earned his lesson, and would reherse it according to his instruccion, brought hym before the judges at the daie assigned, and when the question was repeted to hym again, he boldly answered, "my harte geveth me, and my tonge telleth me, that I am the sonne of the noble duke of Orleaunce, more glad to be his bastarde, with a meane livyng, than the lawful sonne of that coward cuckolde Cawny, with his four thousand crownes." The judges much merveiled at his bolde answere, and his mother's cosyns detested hym for shamyng of his mother, and his father's supposed kinne rejoysed in gainiug the patrimony and possessions. Charles duke of Orleaunce heryng of this judgment, took hym into his family, and gave hym greate offices and fees, whiche he well deserved, for (during his captivitie), he defended his landes, expulsed the Englishmen, and in conclusion, procured his deliverance.

Hall, ff. 104.

There can be no doubt that Shakespear had this anecdote in his mind when he wrote the first scene wherein the bastard Falconbridge is introduced.

When the duke of Orleans was so villainously assassinated by order of the duke of Burgundy, the murder was thought at first to have been perpetrated by sir Aubert de Cauny, says Monstrellet (Johnes's translation, vol. i. p. 198,) from the great hatred he bore the duke for having carried off his wife; but the truth was soon known who were the guilty persons, and that sir Aubert was perfectly innocent of the crime. Marietta d'Enguien was the name of the adulteress.

Page 1.—*Cheer'd with the Trobador's sweet minstrelsy.*

Lorraine was famous for its poets.

There mightest thou se these flutours,
Minstrallis and eke jogelours,
That wel to singin did ther paine;
Some songin songis of Loraine,
For in Loraine ther notis be
Full swetir than in this contre.

Romaunt of the Rose.

Page 2.—*Denying what she sought.*

The following account of *JOAN of ARC* is extracted from a history of the siege of Orleans, *prise de mot à mot, sans aucun changement de langage, d'un vieil exemplaire escrit a la main en parchemin, & trouvé en la maison de la dicte ville d'Orleans.* Troyes. 1621.

" Or en ce temps avoit une jeune fille au pais de Lorraine, aagee de dix-huict ans ou environ, nommee Janne, natifue d'un paroisse nommee Dompre, fille d'un Laboureur nomme Jacques Tart; qui jamais n'avoit fait autre chose que garder les bestes aux champs, a la quelle, ainsi qu'elle disoit, avoit estè revelè que Dieu vouloit qu'elle allast devers le Roi Charles septiesme, pour luy aider & le conseiller a recouvrer son royaume & ses villes & places que les Anglois avoient conquises en ses pays. La quelle revelation elle n'osa dire à ses pere & mere, pource qu'elle scavoit bien que jamais n'eussent consenty qu'elle y fust allee; & le persuada tant qu'il la mena devers un gentelhomme nomme Messire Robert de Baudricourt, qui pour lors estoit Cappitaine de la ville, on chasteau de Vaucouleur, qui est assez prochain de la: auquel elle pria tres instamment qu'il la fist mener devers le Roy de France, en leur disant qu'il estoit tres necessaire qu'elle parlast a luy pour le bien de son royaume, & que elle luy feroit grand secours & aide a recouvrer son dict royaume, & que Dieu le vouloit ainsi, & que il luy avoit esté revelé par plusieurs fois. Des quelles parolles il ne faisoit que rire & se mocquer & la reputoit incensee: toutesfois elle persevera tant & si longuement qu'il luy bailla un gentelhomme, nommè Ville Robert, & quelque nombre de gens, les quels la menerent devers le Roy que pour lors estoit a Chinon."

Page 3.—*Of eighteen years.*

This agrees with the account of her age given by Holinshed, who calls her "a young wench of an eighteene years old, of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall; an understander of counsels though she were not at them, greet semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers daies in the weeke."

Holinshed, 600.

De Serres speaks thus of her, "A young maiden named Joan of Arc, borne in a village upon the Marches of Barre called Domremy, neere to Vaucouleurs, of the age of eighteene or twenty years, issued from base parents, her father was named James of Arc, and her mother Isabel, poore countrie folkes, who had brought her up to keep their cattell. She said with great boldnesse that she had a revelation how to succour the king, how he might be able to chase the English from Orleance, and after that to cause the king to be crowned at Rheims, and to put him fully and wholly in possession of his realme.

"After she had delivered this to her father, mother, and their neighbours, she presumed to go to the lord of Baudricourt, provost of Vaucouleurs; she boldly delivered unto him, after an extraordinary manner, all these great mysteries, as much wished for of all men as

not hoped for: especially comming from the mouth of a poore country maide, whom they might with more reason beleeve to be possessed of some melancholy humour, than divinely inspired; being the instrument of so many excellent remedies, in so desperat a season, after the vaine striving of so great and famous personages. At the first he mocked and reproved her, but having heard her with more patience, and judging by her temperate discourse and modest countenance that she spoke not idely, in the end he resolves to present her to the king for his discharge. So she arrives at Chinon the sixt day of May, attired like a man.

"She had a modest countenance, sweet, civill, and resolute; her discourse was temperate, reasonable and retired, her actions cold, shewing great chastity. Having spoken to the king, or noblemen with whom she was to negociate, she presently retired to her lodging with an old woman that guided her, without vanity, affectation, babling or courtly lightnesse. These are the manners which the Original attributes to her."

Edward Grimeston the translator calls her in the margin, "Joane the Virgin, or rather Witch."

Page 5.—*Lest he in wrath confound me.*

Then the word of the LORD came unto me, saying, "Before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations."

Then said I, Ah, LORD GOD, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child.

But the Lord said unto me, say not I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak.

Thou therefore gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at their faces lest I confound thee before them.

Jeremiah, Chap. 1.

Page 10.—*Taught wisdom to mankind!*

But as for the mighty man he had the earth, and the honourable man dwelt in it.

Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.

Job.

Page 10.—*Rush o'er the land and desolate and kill.*

"While the English and French contend for dominion, sovereignty and life itself, men's goods in France were violently taken by the license of war, churches spoiled, men every where murthered or wounded, others put to death or tortured, matrons ravished, maids forcibly drawn from out their parents' arms to be deflowered; towns daily taken, daily spoyled, daily defaced, the riches of the inhabitants carried whether the conquerors think good; houses and villages round about set on fire, no kind of cruelty is left unpractised upon the

miserable French, omitting many hundred kind of other calamities which all at once oppressed them. Add here unto that the commonwealth, being destitute of the help of laws (which for the most part are mute in times of war and mutiny), floateth up and down without any anchorage at right or justice. Neither was England herself void of these mischiefs, who every day heard the news of her valiant children's funerals, slain in perpetual skirmishes and bickerings, her general wealth continually ebbed and wained, so that the evils seemed almost equal, and the whole western world echoed the groans and sighs of either nation's quarrels, being the common argument of speech and compassion through christendom."

Speed.

Page 13.—*By day I drove my father's flock afield.*

People found out a nest of miracles in her education, says old Fuller, that so lion-like a spirit should be-bred among sheep like David.

Page 17.—*Death! to the happy thou art terrible,*
But how the wretched love to think of thee
O thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!

O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath pros-

perity in all things; yea unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O Death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience!

Ecclesiasticus, xli. 1, 2.

Page 23.—*Think well of this, young man!*

Dreadful indeed must have been the miseries of the French from vulgar plunderers, when the manners of the highest classes were marked by hideous grossness and vices that may not be uttered.

"Of acts so ill examples are not good."

Sir William Alexander.

The following portrait of some of these outrages I extract from the notes of Andrews's History of Great Britain. "Agricola quilibet, sponsam juvenem acquisitus, ac in vicinia alicujus viri nobilis & præpotentis habitans, crudelissime vexabatur. Nempe nonnunquam in ejus domum irruens iste optimas, magnâ comitante catervâ, pretium ingens redemptionis exigeret, ac si non protinus solveret colonus, istum miserum in magna arca protrudens, venustæ ac teneræ uxori suæ (super ipsam arcam prostratæ) vim vir nobilis adferret; voce exclamans horrenda, "Audine Rustice! jamjam, super hanc arcam constupratur dilecta tua sponsa," atque peracto hoc scelere nefando relinqueretur (horresco re-

ferens) suffocatione expirans maritus, nisi magno pretio sponsa nuper vitiata liberationem ejus redimeret."

J. de Paris.

Let us add to this the detestable history of a great commander under Charles VII. of France, the bastard of Bourbon, who (after having committed the most execrable crimes during a series of years with impunity), was drowned in 1441, by the constable Richemont (a treacherous assassin, but a mirror of justice when compared to his noble contemporaries) on its being proved against him "Quod super ipsum maritum vi prostratum, uxori, frustra repugnanti, vim adtuleret."

"Ensuite il avoit fait battre et decouper le mari, tant que c'etoit pitie a voir.

Mem. de Richemont.

Page 24.—*Think that there are such horrors.*

I translate the following anecdote of the Black Prince from Froissart:—

The Prince of Wales was about a month, and not longer, before the city of Lymoges, and he did not assault it, but always continued mining. When the miners of the prince had finished their work, they said to him, "Sir, we will throw down a great part of the wall into the moat whenever it shall please you, so that you may enter into the city at your ease, without danger." These words greatly pleased the prince, who said to them, "I chuse that your work should be mani-

fested to-morrow at the hour of day-break." Then the miners set fire to their mines the next morning as the prince had commanded, and overthrew a great pane of the wall, which filled the moat where it had fallen. The English saw all this very willingly, and they were there all armed and ready to enter into the town; those who were on foot could enter at their ease, and they entered and ran to the gate and beat it to the earth and all the barriers also; for there was no defence, and all this was done so suddenly, that the people of the town were not upon their guard. And then you might have seen the prince, the duke of Lancaster, the count of Canterbury, the count of Pembroke, Messire Guischart Dangle, and all the other chiefs and their people who entered in, and ruffians on foot who were prepared to do mischief, and to run through the town, and to kill men and women and children, and so they had been commanded to do. There was a full pitiful sight, for men and women and children cast themselves on their knees before the prince and cried "mercy!" but he was so enflamed was so great rage, that he heard them not, neither man nor woman would he hear, but they were all put to the sword wherever they were found, and these people had not been guilty. I know not how they could have no pity upon poor people, who had never been powerful enough to do any treason. There was no heart so hard in the city of Lymoges which had any remembrance of God, that did not lament the great mischief that was there; for more than three thousand men and women

and children had their throats cut that day, God has their souls, for indeed they were martyred. In entering the town a party of the English went to the palace of the bishop and found him there, and took him and led him before the prince, who looked at him with a murderous look, *(felonneusement)* and the best word that he could say to him was that his head should be cut off, and then he made him be taken from his presence.

I. 235.

The crime which the people of Lymoges had committed was that of surrendering when they had been besieged by the duke of Berry, and in consequence *turning French*. And this crime was thus punished at a period when no versatility of conduct was thought dishonourable. The phrases tourner Anglois—tourner Francois—retourner Anglois, occur repeatedly in Froissart. I should add that of all the heroes of this period the Black Prince was the most generous and the most humane.

After the English had taken the town of Montereau, the seigneur de Guitery, who commanded there, retired to the castle; and Henry V. threatened, unless he surrendered, to hang eleven gentlemen, taken in the town. These poor men intreated the governor to comply, for the sake of saving their lives, letting him at the same time know how impossible it was that his defence could be of any avail. He was not to be persuaded; and when they saw this, and knew that they must die, some of them requested that they might first see their

wives and their friends. This was allowed: the women were sent, *la y eut de piteux regrets au prendre congé*, says Pierre de Fenin, and on the following morning they were executed as Henry had threatened. The governor held out for fifteen days, and then yielded by a capitulation which secured himself. (Coll. des Memoires. T. v. p. 456.)

In the whole history of these dreadful times I remember but one man whom the cruelty of the age had not contaminated, and that was the Portugueze hero Nuno Alvares Pereira, a man who appears to me to have been a perfect example of patriotism, heroism, and every noble and lovely quality, above all others of any age or country.

Atrocious however as these instances are, they seem as nothing when compared to the atrocities which the French exercised upon each other. When Soissons was captured by Charles VI. (1414) in person, "In regard to the destruction committed by the king's army (says Monstrellet), it cannot be estimated; for after they had plundered all the inhabitants, and their dwellings, they despoiled the churches and monasteries. They even took and robbed the most part of the sacred shrines of many bodies of saints, which they stripped of all the precious stones, gold and silver, together with many other jewels and holy things appertaining to the aforesaid churches. There is not a christian but would have shuddered at the atrocious excesses committed by the soldiery in Soissons: married women violated before their hus-

bands; young damsels in the presence of their parents and relatives; holy nuns, gentlewomen of all ranks, of whom there were many in the town; all, or the greater part, were violated against their wills by divers nobles and others, who after having satiated their own brutal passions, delivered them over without mercy to their servants: and there is no remembrance of such disorder and havoc being done by christians, considering the many persons of high rank that were present, and who made no efforts to check them. There were also many gentlemen in the king's army who had relations in the town, as well secular as churchmen; but the disorder was not the less on that account."—Vol. iv. p. 31.

What a national contrast is there between the manner in which the English and French have conducted their civil wars! Even in the wars of the Fronde, when all parties were alike thoroughly unprincipled, cruelties were committed on both sides which it might have been thought nothing but the strong feelings of a perverted religious principle could have given birth to.

Page 24.—*Yet hangs and pulls for food.*

Holinshed says, speaking of the siege of Roan, "If I should rehearse how deerelie dogs, rats, mise and cats were sold within the towne, and how greedilie they were by the poore people eaten and devoured, and how the people dailie died for fault of food, *and young infants laie sucking in the streets on their mother's breasts, being dead*

starved for hunger, the reader might lament their extreme miseries." P. 566.

Page 24.—*The sceptre of the wicked?*

Do not the tears run down the widow's cheek? and is not her cry against him that causeth them to fall?

The Lord will not be slack till he have smitten in sunder the loins of the unmerciful, till he have taken away the multitude of the proud, and broken the sceptre of the unrighteous.

Ecclesiasticus.

Page 27.—*The fountain of the Fairies.*

In the Journal of Paris in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII. it is asserted that the Maid of Orleans, in answer to an interrogatory of the doctors, whether she had ever assisted at the assemblies held at the Fountain of the Fairies near Domprein, round which the evil spirits dance, confessed that she had often repaired to a beautiful fountain in the country of Lorraine, which she named the good Fountain of the Fairies of our Lord.

From the notes to the English version of Le Grande Fablaux.

Page 27.—*They love to lie and rock upon its leaves.*

Being asked whether she had ever seen any fairies, she answered no; but that one of her god-mothers pre-

tended to have seen some at the Fairy-tree, near the village of Dompre. *Rapin.*

Page 29.—*Memory, thought, were gone.*

" In this representation which I made to place myself near to Christ, (says St. Teresa) there would come suddenly upon me, without either expectation or any preparation on my part, such an evident feeling of the presence of God, as that I could by no means doubt, but that either he was within me, or else I all engulfed in him. This was not in the manner of a vision, but I think they call it Mistical Theology; and it suspends the soul in such sort, that she seems to be wholly out of herself. The Will is in act of loving, the Memory seems to be in a manner lost, the Understanding, in my opinion, discourses not; and although it be not lost, yet it works not as I was saying, but remains as it were amazed to consider how much it understands."

Life of St. Teresa written by herself.

Teresa was well acquainted with the feelings of enthusiasm. I had, however, described the sensations of the Maid of Orleans before I had met with the life of the saint.

Page 30. ——*and they shall perish who oppress.*

" Raise up indignation, and pour out wrath, and let them perish who oppress the people!"

Ecclesiasticus 36.

Page 31.—*Sung shrill and ceaseless.*

The epithets *shrill* and *hoarse* will not appear incongruous to one who has attended to the grasshopper's chirp. Gazæus has characterized the sound by a word certainly accurate, in his tale of a grasshopper who perched upon St. Francis's finger, and sung the praise of God and the wonders of his own body in his vernacular tongue, St. Francis and all the grasshoppers listening with equal edification.

Cicada
Canebat (ut sic efferam) cicadicè.

Pia Hilaria Angelini Gazæi.

St. Francis seems to have laboured much in the conversion of animals. In the fine series of pictures representing his life, lately painted for the new Franciscan convent at Madrid, I recollect seeing him preach to a congregation of birds. Gazæus has a poem upon his instructing a ewe. His advice to her is somewhat curious:

Vide ne arietes, neve in obvios ruas:
Cave devovendos flosculos altaribus
Vel ore laceres, vel bifurcato pede,
Male feriatæ felis instar, proteras.

There is another upon his converting two lambs, whose prayers were more acceptable to God, Marot! says he, than your psalms. If the nun, who took care of them in his absence, was inclined to lie a-bed—

Frater Agnus hanc beê beê suo

Devotus excitabat.
O ugne jam non agne sed doctor bone!

Page 34 —*The memory of his prison'd years.*—

The Maid declared upon her trial, that God loved the duke of Orleans, and that she had received more revelations concerning him, than any person living, except the king.

Rapin.

Orleans, during his long captivity, "had learnt to court the fair ladies of England in their native strains:" among the Harleian MSS. is a collection of "love poems, roundels and songs," composed by the French prince during his confinement.

Page 35.—*The prisoners of that shameful day outsumm'd*
Their conquerors!

According to Holinshed the English army consisted of only 15,000 men, harassed with a tedious march of a month, in very bad weather, through an enemy's country, and for the most part sick of a flux. He states the number of the French at 60,000, of whom 10,000 were slain, and 1500 of the higher order taken prisoners. Some historians make the disproportion in numbers still greater. Goodwin says, that among the slain there were one archbishop, three dukes, six earls, ninety barons, fifteen hundred knights, and seven thousand esquires or gentlemen.

Page 36.—*From his hersed bowmen how the arrows flew.*

This was the usual method of marshalling the bowmen. At Crecy "the archers stood in manner of an herse, about two hundred in front and but forty in depth, which is undoubtedly the best way of embattelling archers, especially when the enemy is very numerous, as at this time: for by the breadth of the front the extension of the enemies front is matched; and by reason of the thinness in flank, the arrows do more certain execution, being more likely to reach home."

Barnes.

The victory at Poictiers is chiefly attributed to the herse of archers. After mentioning the conduct and courage of the English leaders in that battle, Barnes says, "but all this courage had been thrown away to no purpose, had it not been seconded by the extraordinary gallantry of the English archers, who behaved themselves that day with wonderful constancy, alacrity, and resolution. So that by their means, in a manner, all the French battails received their first foil, being by the barbed arrows so galled and terrified, that they were easily opened to the men of arms."

"Without all question, the guns which are used now-a-days are neither so terrible in battle, nor do such execution, nor work such confusion as arrows can do: for bullets being not seen only hurt when they hit, but arrows enrage the horse, and break the array, and terrify all that behold them in the bodies of their neighbours. Not to say that every archer can shoot thrice

to a gunner's once, and that whole squadrons of bows may let fly at one time, when only one or two files of musqueteers can discharge at once. Also, that whereas guns are useless when your pikes join, because they only do execution point blank, the arrows which will kill at random, may do good service even behind your men of arms. And it is notorious, that at the famous battle of Lepanto, the Turkish bows did more mischief than the Christian artillery. Besides it is not the least observable, that whereas the weakest may use guns as well as the strongest, in those days your lusty and tall yeomen were chosen for the bow, whose hose being fastened with one point, and their jackets long and easy to shoot in, they had their limbs at full liberty, so that they might easily draw bows of great strength, and shoot arrows of a yard long beside the head."

Joshua Barnes.

Page 36.—*To glut on the defenceless prisoners.*

During the heat of the combat, when the English had gained the upper hand, and made several prisoners, news was brought to king Henry that the French were attacking his rear, and had already captured the greater part of his baggage and sumpter-horses. This was indeed true, for Robinet de Bournonville, Rifflart de Clamasse, Ysambart d'Azincourt, and some other men at arms, with about six hundred peasants, had fallen upon and taken great part of the king's baggage, and a number of horses, while the guard was occupied in the

battle. This distressed the king very much, for he saw that though the French army had been routed, they were collecting on different parts of the plain in large bodies, and he was afraid they would resume the battle: he therefore caused instant proclamation to be made by some sound of trumpet, that every one should put his prisoners to death, to prevent them from aiding the enemy, should the combat be renewed. This caused an instantaneous and general massacre of the French prisoners, occasioned by the disgraceful conduct of Robinet de Bournonville, Ysambart d'Azincourt, and the others, who were afterwards punished for it, and imprisoned a very long time by duke John of Burgundy, notwithstanding they had made a present to the count de Charolois of a most precious sword, ornamented with diamonds, that had belonged to the king of England. They had taken this sword, with other rich ewels, from king Henry's baggage, and had made this present, that in case they should at any time be called to an account for what they had done, the count might stand their friend.

Monstrelet, vol. iv. p. 180.

When the king of England had on this Saturday begun his march towards Calais, many of the French returned to the field of battle, where the bodies had been turned over more than once, some to seek for their lords, and carry them to their own countries for burial, others to pillage what the English had left. King Henry's army had only taken gold, silver, rich

dresses, helmets, and what was of value, for which reason the greater part of the armour was untouched, and on the dead bodies; but it did not long remain thus, for it was very soon stripped off, and even the shirts and all other parts of their dress were carried away by the peasants of the adjoining villages.

The bodies were left exposed as naked as when they came into the world. On the Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the corpses of many princes were well washed and raised, namely, the dukes of Brabant, Bar, and Alençon, the counts de Nevers, de Blaumont, de Vaudemont, de Faulquemberge, the lord de Dampierre, admiral, sir Charles d'Albreth, constable, and buried in the church of the Friars Minors at Hesdin. Others were carried by their servants, some to their own countries, and others to different churches. All who were recognised were taken away, and buried in the churches of their manors.

When Philippe count de Charrolois heard of the unfortunate and melancholy disaster of the French, he was in great grief; more especially for the death of his two uncles, the duke of Brabant and count de Nevers. Moved by compassion, he caused all that had remained exposed on the field of battle to be interred, and commissioned the abbot de Roussianville and the bailiff of Aire to have it done. They measured out a square of twenty-five yards, wherein were dug three trenches twelve feet wide, in which were buried, by an account kept, five thousand eight hundred men. It was not

known how many had been carried away by their friends, nor what number of the wounded had died in hospitals, towns, villages, and even in the adjacent woods; but, as I have before said, it must have been very great.

This square was consecrated as a burying-ground by the bishop of Guines, at the command and as procurator of Louis de Luxembourg, bishop of Therounne. It was surrounded by a strong hedge of thorns, to prevent wolves or dogs from entering it, and tearing up and devouring the bodies.

In consequence of this sad event, some learned clerks of the realm made the following verses:

A chief by dolorous mischance oppress'd,
A prince who rules by arbitrary will,
A royal house by discord sore distress'd,
A council prejudiced and partial still,
Subjects by prodigality brought low,
Will fill the land with beggars, well we trow.

Nobles made noble in dame Nature's spite
A timorous clergy fear, and truth conceal;
While humble commoners forego their right,
And the harsh yoke of proud oppression feel:
Thus, while the people mourn, the public woe
Will fill the land with beggars, well we trow.

A feeble woe! whose impotent commands
Thy very vassals boldly dare despise:
Ah, helpless monarch! whose enervate hands
And wavering counsels dare no high emprize,
Thy hapless reign will cause our tears to flow,
Will fill the land with beggars, well we trow.

Johnes's Monstrellet, vol. iv. p. 195.

According to Pierre de Fenin, the English did not bury their own dead; but their loss was so small, that this is very unlikely. He says, *Apres celte douloureuse journée et que toutes les deux parties se furent retirées, Louys de Luxembourg qui estoit Evesque de Teroüane, fit faire en la place ou la bataille avoit esté donnée plusieurs charniers, ou il fit assembler tous les morts d'un costé et d'autre; et la les fit enterrer, puis il benit la place, et la fit enclore de fortes hayes tout autour, pour la garantir du bestail.*

After the battle of Agincourt Henry lodged at Maisoncelle; *le lendemain au matin il en deslogea, et alla passer tout au milieu des morts qui avoient esté tuez en ce combat; la il s'arresta grand espace de temps, et tirerent ses gens encor des prisonniers hors du nombre des morts, qu'ils emmenerent avec eux.*

Mem. de Pierre de Fenin.

Page 38.—*From the disastrous plain of Agincourt.*

Perhaps one consequence of the victory at Agincourt is not generally known. Immediately on his return Henry sent his legates to the council of Constance: "at this councell, by the assent of all nations there present,

it was authorised and ordained, that England should obtaine the name of a nation, and should be said one of the five nations that owe their devotion to the church of Rome, which thing untill that time men of other nations, for envy, had delayed and letted."

Stowe. Elmham.

Page 38.—*Henry as wise as brave had back to England—*

Henry judged, that by fomenting the troubles of France, he should procure more certain and lasting advantages than by means of his arms. The truth is, by pushing the French vigorously, he ran the risk of uniting them all against him; in which case, his advantages, probably, would have been inconsiderable; but by granting them some respite, he gave them opportunity to destroy one another: therefore, contrary to every one's expectation, he laid aside his military affairs for near eighteen months, and betook himself entirely to negotiation, which afforded him the prospect of less doubtful advantages.

Rapin.

Page 40.—*For many were the warrior sons of Roan.*

" Yet although the armie was strong without, there lacked not within both hardie capteins and manfull soldiers, and as for people, they had more than inough: for as it is written by some that had good cause to know the truth, and no occasion to erre from the same, there were in the citie at the time of the siege 210,000

persons. Dailie were issues made out of the citie at diverse gates, sometime to the losse of the one partie and sometimes of the other, as chances of warre in such adventures happen."

Holinshed. 566.

Page 40.—*Had bade them vow before Almighty God.*

"The Frenchmen indeed preferring fame before worldlie riches, and despising pleasure (the enemy to warlike prowesse), sware ech to other never to render or deliver the citie, while they might either hold sword in hand or speare in rest."

Holinshed. 566.

Page 41.—*Had made a league with famine.*

"The king of England advertised of their hautie courages, determined to conquer them by famine which would not be tamed by weapon. Wherefore he stopped all the passages, both by water and land, that no vittels could be conveied to the citie. He cast trenches round about the walls, and set them full of stakes, and defended them with archers, so that there was left neither waie for them within to issue out, nor for anie that were abroad to enter in without his license.—The king's coosine germane and alie (the king of Portugale), sent a great navie of well-appointed ships unto the mouth of the river of Seine, to stop that no French vessel should enter the river and passe up the same, to the aid of them within Rouen.

"Thus was the faire citie of Rouen compassed about with enemies, both by water and land, having neither comfort nor aid of king, dolphin, or duke."

Holinshed. 566.

King Henry of England marched a most powerful army, accompanied by a large train of artillery and warlike stores, in the month of June, before the noble and potent town of Rouen, to prevent the inhabitants and garrison from being supplied with new corn. The van of his army arrived there at midnight, that the garrison might not make any sally against them. The king was lodged at the Carthusian convent; the duke of Gloster was quartered before the gate of St. Hilaire; the duke of Clarence at the gate of Caen; the earl of Warwick at that of Martinville; the duke of Exeter and earl of Dorset at that of Beauvais: in front of the gate of the castle were the lord marshal and sir John de Cornwall. At the gate leading to Normandy were posted the earls of Huntingdon, Salisbury, Kyme, and the lord Neville, son to the earl of Westmoreland. On the hill fronting St. Catherine's were others of the English barons. Before the English could fortify their quarters, many sallies were made on them, and several severe skirmishes passed on both sides. But the English, so soon as they could, dug deep ditches between the town and them, on the top of which they planted a thick hedge of thorns, so that they could not otherwise be annoyed than by cannon shot and arrows. They also built a jette on the banks of the Seine, about a

cannon shot distant from the town, to which they fastened their chains, one of them half a foot under the water, another level with it, and a third two feet above the stream, so that no boats could bring provision to the town, nor could any escape from it that way. They likewise dug deep galleries of communication from one quarter to another, which completely sheltered those in them from cannon or other warlike machines.

Monstrelet, vol. v. p. 40.

Page 41.—*Desperate endurance.*

" After he had prosecuted the siege of this place for some time, the cardinal Ursino repaired to his camp, and endeavoured to persuade him to moderate his terms, and agree to an equitable peace; but the king's reply plainly evinced his determination of availing himself of the present situation of public affairs; 'Do you not see,' said he, 'that God has brought me hither, as it were by the hand? The throne of France may be said to be vacant; I have a good title to that crown; the whole kingdom is involved in the utmost disorder and confusion; few are willing, and still fewer are able, to resist me. Can I have a more convincing proof of the interposition of heaven in my favour, and that the Supreme Ruler of all things has decreed that I should ascend the throne of France?' "

Hist. of England, by Hugh Clarendon.

Page 41.—*Could we behold the savage Irish Kernes.*

"With the English sixteen hundred Irish Kernes were enrolled from the prior of Kilmainham; able men, but almost naked; their arms were targets, darts and swords, their horses little and bare no saddle, yet nevertheless nimble, on which upon every advantage they plaied with the French, in spoiling the country, rifeling the houses, and carrying away children with their baggage upon their cowes backs."

Speed. P. 638.

The king of England had in his army numbers of Irish, the greater part of whom were on foot, having only a stocking and shoe on one leg and foot, with the other quite naked. They had targets, short javelins, and a strange sort of knives. Those who were on horseback had no saddles, but rode excellently well on small mountain horses, and were mounted on such paniers as are used by the carriers of corn in parts of France. They were, however, miserably accoutred in comparison with the English, and without any arms that could much hurt the French whenever they might meet them.

These Irish made frequent excursions during the siege over Normandy, and did infinite mischiefs, carrying back to their camp large booties. Those on foot took men, and even children from the cradle, with beds and furniture, and placing them on cows, drove all these things before them, for they were often met thus by the French.

Monstrelet. 5. p. 42.

Page 41.—*Ruffians half-cloth'd, half-human, half-baptiz'd.*

"In some corners of Connaught, the people leave the right armes of their infants male unchristend (as they terme it) to the end that at any time afterwards they might give a more deadly and ungracious blow when they strike, which things doe not only show how palpably they are carried away by traditious obscurities, but doe also intimate how full their hearts be of inveterate revenge."

The book from which this extract is taken wants the title. The title of the second part is, *A prospect of the most famous parts of the world. Printed for William Humble, in Pope's Head Place.* 1646.

Page 42.—*Of Harfleur's wretched race cast on the world.*

"Some writing of this yeelding up of Harflue, doo in like sort make mention of the distresse whereto the people, then expelled out of their habitations, were driven: insomuch as parents with their children, yong maids and old folke went out of the towne gates with heavie harts, (Got wot), as put to their present shifts to seek them a new abode."

Holinshed. 550.

This act of barbarity was perpetrated by Henry that he might people the town with English inhabitants. "This doth Anglorum prælia report, saieng (not without good ground I believe), as followeth:

Tum flentes tenerâ cum prole parentes
Virgineusque chorus veteres liquere penates:

Tum populus cunctus de portis Gallicus exit
Mœstus, inarmatus, vacuus, miser, æger, inopsque;
Utque novas sedes quærat migrare coactus:
Oppidulo belli potiuntur jure Britanni!"

Holinshed.

There is a way of telling truth so as to convey falsehood. After the capture of Harfleur, Stowe says, "all the soldiers and inhabitants, both of the towne and towers, *were suffered to goe freely, unharmed, whither they would.*" 348. Henry's conduct was the same at Caen: he "commanded all women and children to bee avoyded out of the towne, and so the towne was inhabited of new possessors."

Stowe.

Page 42.—*Knelt at the altar.*

Before Henry took possession of Harfleur, he went bare-footed to the church to give God thanks.

De Serres.

Page 43.—*In cold blood murder'd.*

Henry, not satisfied with the reduction of Caen, put several of the inhabitants to death, who had signalized their valour in the defence of their liberty.

H. Clarendon.

Page 43.—*He groan'd and curs'd in bitterness of heart.*

After the capture of the city "Luca Italico, the vicar generall of the archbishoprike of Rouen, for de-

nouncing the king accursed, was delivered to him and deteined in prison till he died."

Holinshed. Titus Livius.

Page 44.—*Force back the miserable multitude.*

"A great number of poore sillie creatures were put out of the gates, which were by the Englishmen that kept the trenches, beaten and driven back againe to the same gates, which they found closed and shut against them, and so they laie betweene the wals of the citie and the trenches of the enemies, still crieing for help and releefe, for lack whereof great numbers of them dailie died."

Holinshed.

Page 45.—*And when we sent the herald to implore His mercy.*

At this period, a priest of a tolerable age, and of clear understanding, was deputed, by those besieged in Rouen, to the king of France and his council. On his arrival at Paris, he caused to be explained, by an augustin doctor, named Eustace de la Paville, in presence of the king and his ministers, the miserable situation of the besieged. He took for his text, "Domine quid faciomus?" and harangued upon it very ably and eloquently. When he had finished, the priest addressed the king, saying, "Most excellent prince and lord, I am enjoined by the inhabitants of Rouen to make loud complaints against you, and against you duke of Bur-

gundy, who govern the king, for the oppressions they suffer from the English. They make known to you by me, that if, from want of being succoured by you, they are forced to become subjects to the king of England, you will not have in all the world more bitter enemies; and if they can, they will destroy you and your whole congregation." With these or with similar words did this priest address the king and his council. After he had been well received and entertained, and the duke of Burgundy had promised to provide succours for the town of Rouen as speedily as possible, he returned the best way he could to carry this news to the besieged.

Monstrelet, vol. v. p. 54.

One of the deputed citizens "shewing himself more rash than wise, more arrogant than learned, took upon him to shew wherein the glorie of victorie consisted; advising the king not to shew his manhood in famishing a multitude of poore simple and innocent people, but rather suffer such miserable wretches as laie betwixt the walls of the citie and the trenches of his siege, to passe through the camp, that theie might get their living in other places; then if he durst manfullie assault the place, and by force subdue it, he should win both worldlie fame, and merit great meed from the hands of Almightie God, for having compassion of the poore, needie and indigent people. When this orator had said, the king with a fierce countenance and bold spirit, reproved them for their malapert presumption, in that they should seeme to go about to teach him what belonged

to the dutie of a conqueror, and therefore since it appeared that the same was unknown to them, he declared that the goddesse of battell called Bellona had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as Blood, Fire, and Famine, and whereas it laie in his choice to use them all three, he had appointed onelie the meekest maid of those three damsels to punish them of that citie till they were brought to reason. This answer put the French ambassador in a great studie, musing much at his *excellent wit* and hawtinesse of courage."

Holinshed.

While the court resided at Beauvais, four gentlemen and four citizens of Rouen were sent to lay before the king and council their miserable state: they told them that thousands of persons were already dead with hunger within their town; and that from the beginning of October, they had been forced to live on horses, dogs, cats, mice and rats, and other things unfit for human creatures. They had nevertheless driven full twelve thousand poor people, men, women and children, out of the place, the greater part of whom had perished wretchedly in the ditches of the town. That it had been frequently necessary to draw up in baskets new born children from mothers who had been brought to bed in these ditches to have them baptized, and they were afterwards returned to their mothers; many, however, had perished without christening—all which things were grievous and pitiful to be related. They

then added, "To you our lord and king, and to you noble duke of Burgundy, the loyal inhabitants of Rouen have before made known their distress: they now again inform you how much they are suffering for you, to which you have not yet provided any remedy according to your promises. We are sent to you for the last time, to announce to you, on the part of the besieged, that if within a few days they are not relieved, they shall surrender themselves and their town to the English king, and thenceforward renounce all allegiance, faith, and service, which they have sworn to you." The king, duke, and council, courteously replied, that the king's forces were not as yet adequate to raise the siege, which they were exceedingly sorry for; but, with God's pleasure, they should very soon be relieved. The deputies asked by what time; the duke answered, before the fourth day after Christmas. They then returned to their town with difficulty, from the great danger of being taken by the besiegers, and related all that had passed.

The besieged now suffered the greatest distress; and it is impossible to recount the miseries of the common people from famine: it was afterward known that upwards of fifty thousand had perished of hunger. Some, when they saw meat carried through the street, in despair, ran to seize it, and so doing, allowed themselves to be severely beaten, and even wounded. During the space of three months no provisions were seen in the markets, but every thing was sold secretly; and what

before the siege was worth a farthing, was sold for twenty, thirty, or even forty; but those prices were too high for the common people, and hence the great mortality I have mentioned.

" *Monstrelet*, vol. v. p. 61.

Page 43.—*The shriek of frenzying anguish.*

The names of our Edwards and Henrys are usually cited together, but it is disgracing the Black Prince and his father to mention them with Henry of Monmouth. We have seen what was the conduct of this cold-hearted and brutal soldier to the famished fugitives from Roan. The same circumstance occurred at the siege of Calais, and the difference between the monarchs cannot be better exemplified than in the difference of their conduct upon the same occasion. " When sir John de Vienne perceived that king Edward intended to lie long there, he thought to rid the town of as many useless mouths as he could; and so on a Wednesday, being the 13th of September, he forced out of the town more than seventeen hundred of the poorest and least necessary people, old men, women and children, and shut the gates upon them: who being demanded, wherefore they came out of the town, answered with great lamentation, that it was because they had nothing to live on. Then king Edward, who was so fierce in battle, shewed a truly royal disposition by considering the sad condition of these forlorn wretches; for he not only would not force them back again into the town, whereby they

might help to consume the victuals, but he gave them all a dinner and two pence a-piece, and leave to pass through the army without the least molestation: whereby he so wrought upon the hearts of these poor creatures, that many of them prayed to God for his prosperity." *Joshua Barnes.*

Page 45.—*Nor when the traitor yielded up our town.*

Roan was betrayed by its Burgundian governor Bouthellier. During this siege fifty thousand men perished through fatigue, want, and the use of unwholesome provisions.

Page 46.—*The gallant Blanchard died.*

Roy d' Angleterre fist coupper la teste a Allain Blanchart cappitaine du commun.

Monstrellet. Feuillet cxcvii.

Page 46.—*There where the wicked cease.*

There the wicked cease from troubling; and the weary be at rest.

Job iii. 17.

Page 47.—*A pompous shade.*

Cent drapeaux funebres
Etaloient en plein jour de pompeuses tenebres.

Le Moyne. St. Louis, Liv. xvi.

Page 47.—*In the mid-day sun a dim and gloomy light.*

"When all things necessary were prepared for the conveyance of the dead king into England, his body was laid in a chariot, which was drawn by four great horses: and above the dead corpse, they laid a figure made of boiled hides, or leather representing his person, as near to the semblance of him as could be devised, painted curiously to the similitude of a living creature; upon whose head was set an imperial diademe of gold and precious stones, on his body a purple robe furred with ermine, and in his right hand he held a sceptre royal, and in his left hand a ball of gold, with a cross fixed thereon. And in this manner adorned, was this figure laid in a bed in the said chariot, with his visage uncovered towards the heaven: and the coverture of his bed was red silke beaten with gold; and besides that, when the body should passe thro any good towne, a canopy of marvellous great value was borne over the chariot by men of great worship. In this manner, accompanied of the king of Scots and of all princes, lords, and knights of his house, he was brought from Roane to Abville, where the corpse was set in the church of Saint Offrane. From Abville he was brought to Hedin, and from thence to Menstreuil, so to Bulloigne, and so to Calice. In all this journey were many men about the chariot clothed all in white, which bare in their hands torches burning: after whome followed all the household servants in blacke, and after them came the princes, lords, and estates of the king's blood, adorned in ves-

tures of mourning; and after all this, from the said corpse the distance of two English myles, followed the queene of England right honourably accompanyed. In this manner they entered Calice."

Stowe.

At about a league distant followed the queen, with a numerous attendance. From Calais they embarked for Dover, and passing through Canterbury and Rochester, arrived at London on Martinmas-day.

When the funeral approached London, fifteen bishops dressed in pontificalibus, several mitred abbots and churchmen, with a multitude of persons of all ranks, came out to meet it. The churchmen chaunted the service for the dead as it passed over London-bridge, through Lombard-street, to St. Paul's cathedral. Near the car were the relations of the late king, uttering loud lamentations. On the collar of the first horse that drew the car were emblazoned the ancient arms of England; on that of the second, the arms of France and England quartered the same as he bore during his lifetime; on that of the third, the arms of France simply; on that of the fourth horse were painted the arms of the noble king Arthur, whom no one could conquer; they were three crowns or, on a shield azure.

When the funeral service had been royally performed in the cathedral, the body was carried to be interred at Westminster abbey with his ancestors. At his funeral, and in regard to every thing concerning it, greater pomp and expence were made than had been done for

two hundred years at the interment of any king of England; and even now as much honour and reverence is daily paid to his tomb, as if it were certain he was a saint in Paradise.

Thus ended the life of king Henry in the flower of his age, for when he died he was but forty years old. He was very wise and able in every business he undertook, and of a determined character. During the seven or eight years he ruled in France, he made greater conquests than any of his predecessors had done: it is true he was so feared by his princes and captains, that none dared to disobey his orders, however nearly related to him, more especially his English subjects. In this state of obedience were his subjects of France and England in general; and the principal cause was, that if any person transgressed his ordinances, he had him instantly punished without favour or mercy.

Monstrelet, vol. v. p. 375.

A noble knight of Picardy used a joking expression to his herald respecting king Henry, which was afterwards often repeated. Sir Sarrasin d'Arly, uncle to the vidame of Amiens, who might be about sixty years of age, resided in the castle of Acher, which he had had with his wife, sister to the lord d'Offernont, near to Pas in Artois. He was laid up with the gout, but very eager in his inquiries after news of what was going on. One day his poursuivant, named Haurenas, of the same age as himself, and who had long served him, returned from making the usual inquiries; and on sir Sarrasin question-

ing him and asking him if he had heard any particulars of the death of the king of England, he said that he had, and had even seen his corpse at Abbeville in the church of St. Ulfran; and then related how he was attired, nearly as has been before described. The knight then asked him on his faith if he had diligently observed him? On his answering that he had, "Now, on thy oath, tell me," added sir Sarrasin, "if he had his boots on?" "No, my lord, by my faith he had not." The knight then cried out, "Haurenas, my good friend, never believe me if he has not left them in France!" This expression set the company a laughing, and then they talked of other matters.

Monstrelet, vol. v. p. 377.

Page 49.—*Their dangerous way.*

The governor of Vaucouleur appointed *deux gentils-hommes* to conduct the Maid to Chinon. "Ils eurent peine à se charger de cette commission, à cause qu'il falloit passer au travers du pays ennemi; mais elle leur dit avec fermeté qu'ils ne craignissent rien, et que surement eux et elle arriveroient auprés du roi, sans qu'il leur arrivât rien de fâcheux.

Ils partirent, passerent par l'Auxerrois sans obstacle quoique les Anglois en fussent les maitres, traversèrent plusieurs rivières à la nage, entrérent dans les pays de la domination du roi, ou les parties ennemis couroient de tous côtes, sans en rencontrer aucun: arrivérent heureusement à Chinon où le Roi étoit, et lui donnérent

avis de leur arrivée et du sujet qui les amenoit. Tout le monde fut extrémement surpris d'un si long voyage fait avec tant de bonheur.

P. Daniel.

Page 49.—*The autumnal rains had beaten to the earth.*

" Nil Gallîâ perturbatius, nil spoliatius, nil egentius esset, Sed neque cum milite melius agebatur, qui tametsi gaudebat prædâ, interim tamen trucidabatur passim, dum uterque rex civitates suæ factionis principes in fide retinere studeret. Igitur jam cædium satietas utrumque populum ceperat, jamque tot damna utrinque illata erant, ut quisque generatim se oppressum, laceratum, perditum ingemisceret, doloreque summo angeretur, disrumperetur, cruciaretur, ac per id animi quamvis obstinatissimi ad pacem inclinarentur. Simul urgebat ad hoc rerum omnium inopia; passim enim agri devastati inculti manebant, cum præsertim homines pro vitâ tuendâ, non arva colere sed bello servire necessariò cogerentur. Ita tot urgentibus malis, neuter a pace abhorrebat, sed alter ab altero eam aut petere, vel admittere turpe putabat."

Polydore Virgil.

The effect of this contest upon England was scarcely less ruinous. " In the last year of the victorious Henry V. there was not a sufficient number of gentlemen left in England to carry on the business of civil government."

But if the victories of Henry were so fatal to the

population of his country, the defeats and disasters of the succeeding reign were still more destructive. In the 25th year of this war, the instructions given to the cardinal of Winchester and other plenipotentiaries appointed to treat about a peace, authorise them to represent to those of France "that there haan been moo men slayne in these wars for the title and claime of the coroune of France, of oon nacion and other, than been at this daye in both landys, and so much christiene blode shed, that it is to grete a sorow and an orrour to think or here it."

Henry. Rymer's Fœdera.

Page 51.—*Fastoffe's better fate prevail'd.*

Dunois was wounded in the battle of Herrings or Rouvrai Saint-Denys.

Page 52.—*To die for him whom I have liv'd to serve.*

Tanneguy du Châtel had saved the life of Charles when Paris was seized by the Burgundians. Lisle Adam, a man noted for ferocity even in that age, was admitted at midnight into the city with eight hundred horse. The partizans of Burgundy were under arms to assist them, and a dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs ensued. Du Châtel, then governor of the Bastile, being unable to restrain the tumult, ran to the Louvre, and carried away the dauphin in his shirt, in order to secure him in his fortress.

Rapin.

Page 52.—*To reach the o'er-hanging fruit.*

High favours like as fig-trees are
That grow upon the sides of rocks, where they
Who reach their fruit adventure must so far
As to hazard their deep downfall.

Daniel.

Page 52.—*A banish'd man, Dunois!*

De Serres says, "the king was wonderfully discontented for the departure of Tanneguy of Chastel, whom he called father. A man beloved, and of amiable conditions. But there was no remedy. He had given the chief stroke to John Burgongne. So likewise he protested without any difficulty, to retire himself whithersoever his master should command him."

Page 52.—*Richemont.*

Richemont caused De Giac to be strangled in his bed, and thrown into the Loire, to punish the negligence that had occasioned him to be defeated by an inferior force at Avranches. The constable had laid siege to St. James de Beuvron, a place strongly garrisoned by the English. He had been promised a convoy of money, which De Giac, who had the management of the treasury, purposely detained to mortify the constable. Richemont openly accused the treasurer, and revenged himself thus violently. After this, he boldly declared that he would serve in the same manner any person whatsoever that should endeavour to engross the

king's favour. The Camus of Beaulieu accepted De Giac's place, and was by the constable's means assassinated in the king's presence.

Page 52.—*Whose death my arm avenged.*

The duke of Orleans was, on a Wednesday, the feast-day of pope St. Clement, assassinated in Paris, about seven o'clock in the evening, on his return from dinner. The murder was committed by about eighteen men, who had lodged at an hotel having for sign the image of our Lady, near the Port Barbette, and who, it was afterwards discovered, had for several days intended this assassination.

On the Wednesday before mentioned, they sent one named Scas de Courteheuze, valet de chambre to the king, and one of their accomplices, to the duke of Orleans, who had gone to visit the queen of France at an hotel which she had lately purchased from Montagu, grand master of the king's household, situated very near the Port Barbette. She had lain in there of a child, which had died shortly after its birth, and had not then accomplished the days of her purification.

Scas, on his seeing the duke, said, by way of deceiving, "My lord, the king sends for you, and you must instantly hasten to him, for he has business of great importance to you and him, which he must communicate to you." The duke, on hearing this message, was eager to obey the king's orders, although the

monarch knew nothing of the matter, and immediately mounted his mule, attended by two esquires on one horse, and four or five valets on foot, who followed behind bearing torches; but his other attendants made no haste to follow him. He had made this visit in a private manner, notwithstanding at this time he had within the city of Paris six hundred knights and esquires of his retinue, and at his expence.

On his arrival at the Port Barbette, the eighteen men, all well and secretly armed, were waiting for him, and were lying in ambush under shelter of a pent-house. The night was pretty dark, and as they sallied out against him, one cried out, "Put him to death!" and gave him such a blow on the wrist with his battle-axe as severed it from his arm.

The duke, astonished at this attack, cried out, "I am the duke of Orleans!" when the assassins continuing their blows, answered, "You are the person we were looking for." So many rushed on him that he was struck off his mule, and his scull was split that his brains were dashed on the pavement. They turned him over and over, and massacred him that he was very soon completely dead. A young esquire, a German by birth, who had been his page, was murdered with him: seeing his master struck to the ground, he threw himself on his body to protect him, but in vain, and he suffered for his generous courage. The horse which carried the two esquires that preceded the duke, seeing

so many armed men advance, began to snort, and when he passed them set out on a gallop, so that it was some time before he could be checked.

When the esquires had stopped their horse, they saw their lord's mule following them full gallop: having caught him, they fancied the duke must have fallen, and were bringing it back by the bridle; but on their arrival where their lord lay, they were menaced by the assassins, that if they did not instantly depart they should share his fate. Seeing their lord had been thus basely murdered, they hastened to the hotel of the queen, crying out, Murder! Those who had killed the duke, in their turn, bawled out, Fire! and they had arranged their plan that while some were assassinating the duke, others were to set fire to their lodgings. Some mounted on horseback, and the rest on foot, made off as they could, throwing behind them broken glass and sharp points of iron to prevent their being pursued.

Report said that many of them went the back way to the hotel d'Artois, to their master the duke of Burgundy, who had commanded them to do this deed, as he afterwards publicly confessed, to inform him of the success of their murder; when instantly afterward they withdrew to places of safety.

The chief of these assassins, and the conductor of the business, was one called Rollet d'Auctonville, a Norman, whom the duke of Orleans had a little before deprived of his office of commissioner of taxes,

which the king had given to him at the request of the late duke of Burgundy: from that time the said Rollet had been considering how he could revenge himself on the duke of Orleans. His other accomplices were William Courteheuze and Seas Courteheuze, before mentioned, from the country of Guines, John de la Motte, and others, to the amount of eighteen.

Within half an hour the household of the duke of Orleans, hearing of this horrid murder, made loud complaints, and with great crowds of nobles and others hastened to the fatal spot, where they found him lying dead in the street. His knight and esquires, and in general all his dependants, made grievous lamentations, seeing him thus wounded and disfigured. With many groans they raised the body and carried it to the hotel of the lord de Rieux, marshal of France, which was hard by; and shortly afterward the body was covered with a white pall, and conveyed most honourably to the Guillemins, where it lay, as being the nearest church to where the murder had been committed.

Soon afterward the king of Sicily, and many other princes, knights and esquires, having heard of this foul murder of the only brother of the king of France, came with many tears to visit the body. It was put into a leaden coffin, and the monks of the church, with all the late duke's household, watched it all night, saying prayers, and singing psalms over it. On the morrow his servants found the hand which had been cut off, and collected much of the brains that had been scattered

over the street, all of which were inclosed in a leaden case and placed by the coffin.

The whole of the princes who were at Paris, except the king and his children, namely, the king of Sicily, the dukes of Berry, Burgundy and Bourbon, the marquis du Pont, the counts de Nevers, de Clermont, de Vendome, de St. Pol, de Dammartin, the constable of France, and several others having assembled with a large body of the clergy and nobles, and a multitude of the citizens of Paris, went in a body to the church of the Guillemins. Then the principal officers of the late duke's household took the body and bore it out of the church, with a great number of lighted torches carried by the esquires of the defunct. On each side of the body were in due order, uttering groans and shedding tears, the king of Sicily, the dukes of Berry, Burgundy and Bourbon, each holding a corner of the pall. After the body followed the other princes, the clergy and barons, according to their ranks, recommending his soul to his creator; and thus they proceeded with it to the church of the Celestins. When a most solemn service had been performed, the body was interred in a beautiful chapel he himself had founded and built. After the service all the princes, and others who had attended it, returned to their homes.

Monstrelet, vol. i. p. 192.

Page 53.—*Since that sad hour.*

About four o'clock on the 12th day of June, the popu-

lace of Paris rose to the amount of about sixty thousand, fearing (as they said) that the prisoners would be set at liberty, although the new provost of Paris and other lords assured them to the contrary. They were armed with old mallets, hatchets, staves and other disorderly weapons, and paraded through the streets shouting, "Long live the king and the duke of Burgundy!" toward the different prisons in Paris, namely, the Palace, St. Magloire, St. Martin des Champs, the Chatelet, the Temple, and to other places wherein any prisoners were confined. They forced open all their doors, and killed Chepier and Chepiere, with the whole of the prisoners, to the amount of sixteen hundred or thereabouts, the principal of whom were the count de Armagnac, constable of France, master Henry de Maile, chancellor to the king, the bishops of Coutances, of Bayeux, of Evreux, of Senlis, of Saintes, the count de Grand-Pre, Raymonnet de la Guerre, the abbot de St. Conille de Compiegne, sir Hector de Chartres, sir Enguerrand de Marcoignet, Charlot Poupart, master of the king's wardrobe, the members of the courts of justice and of the treasury, and in general all they could find: among the number were several even of the Burgundian party confined for debt.

In this massacre several women were killed, and left on the spot where they had been put to death. This cruel butchery lasted until ten o'clock in the morning of the following day. Those confined in the grand Chatelet, having arms, defending themselves

valiantly, and slew many of the populace; but on the morrow by means of fire and smoke they were conquered, and the mob made many of them leap from the battlements of the towers, when they were received on the points of the spears of those in the streets, and cruelly mangled. At this dreadful business were present the new provost of Paris, sir John de Luxembourg, the lord de Fosseaux, the lord de l'Isle-Adam, the vidame of Amiens, the lord de Chevreuse, the lord de Chastellus, the lord de Cohen, sir James de Harcourt, sir Edmond de Lombers, the lord d'Auxois, and others, to the amount of upward of a thousand combatants, armed and on horseback, ready to defend the murderers should there be any necessity. Many were shocked and astonished at such cruel conduct; but they dared not say any thing except, "Well, my boys!" The bodies of the constable, the chancellor, and of Raymonnet de la Guerre were stripped naked, tied together with a cord, and dragged for three days by the blackguards of Paris through the streets; the body of the constable had the breadth of two fingers of his skin cut off crosswise, like to a bend in heraldry, by way of derision: and they were thus publicly exposed quite naked to the sight of all; on the fourth day they were dragged out of Paris on a hurdle, and buried with the others in a ditch called la Louviere.

Notwithstanding the great lords after this took much pains to pacify the populace, and remonstrated with them, that they ought to allow the king's justice to

take its regular course against offenders: they would not desist, but went in great crowds to the houses of such as had favoured the Armagnacs, or of those whom they disliked, and killed them without mercy, carrying away all they could find. In these times it was enough if one man hated another at Paris, of whatever rank he might be, Burgundian or not, to say, "There goes an Armagnac," and he was instantly put to death without further inquiry being made.

Monstrelet, vol. v. p. 22.

To add to the tribulations of these times the Parisians again assembled in great numbers, as they had before done, and went to all the prisons in Paris, broke into them, and put to death full three hundred prisoners, many of whom had been confined there since the last butchery. In the number of those murdered were sir James de Mommor, and sir Louis de Corail, chamberlain to the king, with many nobles and churchmen. They then went to the lower court of the bastille of St. Anthony, and demanded that six prisoners, whom they named, should be given up to them, or they would attack the place: in fact, they began to pull down the wall of the gate, when the duke of Burgundy, who lodged near the bastille, vexed to the heart at such proceedings, to avoid worse, ordered the prisoners to be delivered to them, if any of their leaders would promise that they should be conducted to the Chatelet prison, and suffered to be punished according to their deserts by the king's court of justice. Upon this they all de-

parted, and by way of glossing over their promise, they led their prisoners near to the Chatelet, when they put them to death, and stripped them naked. They then divided into several large companies and paraded the streets of Paris, entering the houses of many who had been Armagnacs, plundering and murdering all without mercy. In like manner as before, when they met any person they disliked he was slain instantly; and their principal leader was Cappeluche, the hangman of the city of Paris.

The duke of Burgundy, alarmed at these insurrections, sent for some of the chief citizens, with whom he remonstrated on the consequences these disturbances might have. The citizens excused themselves from being any way concerned, and said they were much grieved to witness them: they added, they were all of the lowest rank, and had thus risen to pillage the more wealthy; and they required the duke to provide a remedy by employing these men in his wars. It was then proclaimed, in the names of the king and the duke of Burgundy, under pain of death, that no person should tumultuously assemble, nor any more murders or pillage take place; but that such as had of late risen in the insurrection should prepare themselves to march to the sieges of Montlehery and Marcoussi, now held by the king's enemies. The commonalty made reply, that they would cheerfully do so if they had proper captains appointed to lead them.

Within a few days, to avoid similar tumults in Paris,

six thousand of the populace were sent to Montlehery under the command of the lord de Coben, sir Walter de Boppes and sir Walter Raillart, with a certain number of men at arms, and store of cannon and ammunition sufficient for a siege. These knights led them to Montlehery, where they made a sharp attack on the Dauphinois within the castle.

The duke of Burgundy, after their departure, arrested several of their accomplices, and the principal movers of the late insurrection, some of whom he caused to be beheaded, others to be hanged or drowned in the Seine; even their leader Cappeluche, the hangsman, was beheaded in the market-place. When news of this was carried to the Parisians who had been sent to Montlehery, they marched back to Paris to raise another rebellion, but the gates were closed against them, so that they were forced to return to the siege.

Monstrelet, vol. v. p. 47.

To what is it owing that four centuries have made so little difference in the character of the Parisians?

Page 56.—*He will retreat*
To distant Dauphiny.

" Charles, in despair of collecting an army which should dare to approach the enemy's entrenchments, not only gave the city of Orleans for lost, but began to entertain a very dismal prospect with regard to the general state of his affairs. He saw that the country in which he had hitherto, with great difficulty, sub-

sisted, would be laid entirely open to the invasion of a powerful and victorious enemy, and he already entertained thoughts of retiring with the remains of his forces into Languedoc and Dauphiny, and defending himself as long as possible in those remote provinces. But it was fortunate for this good prince, that as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. Mary of Anjou, his queen, a princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure, which she foresaw would discourage all his partizans, and serve as a general signal for deserting a prince who seemed himself to despair of success: his mistress too, the fair Agnes Sorel, who lived in entire amity with the queen, seconded all her remonstrances."

Hume.

L'on fait honneur à la belle Agnès Sorel, Demoiselle de Touraine, maitresse de ce Prince, d'avoir beaucoup contribué à l'encourager en cette occasion. On lui fait cet honneur principalement au sujet d'un quatrain rapporté par Saint Gelais, comme aiant été fait par le Roi François I. à l'honneur de cette Demoiselle.

Plus de louange et d'honneur tu mérite,
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dedans un Cloitre ouvrer
Clausé Nonnain, ou bien dévot Hermite.

P. Daniel.

Page 57.—*On a May morning deck'd with flowers.*

Here in this first race you shall see our kings but once a year, the first day of May, in their chariots deckt with flowres and greene, and drawn by four oxen. Whoso hath occasion to treat with them let him seeke them in their chambers, amidst their delights. Let him talke of any matters of state, he shall be sent to the Maire.

De Serres.

Fuller calls this race "a chain of idle kings well linked together, who gave themselves over to pleasure privately, never coming abroad, but onely on May-day they shewed themselves to the people, riding in a chariot, adorned with flowers, and drawn with oxen, *slow cattel, but good enough for so lazy luggage.*"

Holy Warre.

Ces Rois hideux en longue barbe espesse,
En longs cheveux, ornez presse sur presse,
De chaisnes d'or et de carquans gravez,
Hauts dans un char en triomphe elevez,
Une fois l'an se feront voir en pompe
Enflez d'un fard qui le vulgaire trompe.

Franciade de Ronsard.

Page 57.—*And these long locks will not disgrace thee then.*

Long hair was peculiar to the kings in the first ages of the French monarchy. When Fredegonda had murthered Clovis and thrown him into the river, the fishermen who found his body knew it by the long hair.

Mezeray.

At a later period the custom seems to have become general. Pasquier says, "lors de mon jeune aage nul n'estoit tondu, fors les moines. Advint par mesadventure que le roy François premier de ce nom, ayant esté fortuitement blessé à la teste d'un tizon, par le capitaine Lorges, sieur de Montgoumery, les medecins furent d'advis de la tondre. Depuis il ne porta plus longs cheveux, estant le premier de nos roys, qui par un sinistre augure degenera de ceste venerable ancienneté. Sur son exemple, les princes premierement, puis les gentilshommes, et finalement tous les subjects se volourent former, il ne fut pas que les Prestres ne se meissent de ceste partie. Sur la plus grande partie du regne de François premier, et devant, chacun portoit longue chevelure, et barbe rasé, où maintenant chacun est tondu, et porte longue barbe."

Page 57.—*Thy mangled corse waves to the wind of heaven.*

Le Viscomte de Narbonne y périt aussi, et porta le peine de sa témérite, qui avoit eté une des principales causes de la perte de la battaille. Le duc de Betfort aiant fáit chercher son corps, le fit écartaler et pendre à un gibet, parce qu'il passoit pour avoir été complice de la mort du duc de Bourgogne.

P. Daniel.

Page 57.—*Leagues with my foes, and Richemont.*

Richemont has left an honourable name, though he tied a prime minister up in a sack and threw him into

the river. For this he had a royal precedent in our king John, but Richemont did openly what the monarch did in the dark, and there is some difference between a murderer and an executioner, even though the executioner be a volunteer. " Il mérita sa grace (says Daniel), par les services qu'il rendit au roi contre les Anglois, malgré ce prince même. Il fut un des principaux auteurs de la réforme de la milice Françoise, qui produisit la tranquillité de la France et les grands victoires dont elle fust suivie. L'autorité qu'il avoit par sa charge de connétable, jointe à sa fermeté naturelle, lui donna moyen de tenir la main à l'observation des ordonnances publiées par le roi pour la discipline militaire; et les examples de sévérité qu'il fit à cet égard, lui firent donner le surnom de justicier. Etant devenu duc de Bretagne, quelques Seigneurs de sa Cour lui conseillérent de se démettre de sa charge de connétable, comme d'une dignité qui etoit au dessous de lui. Il ne la voulut pas, et il faisoit porter devant lui deux épées, l'une la pointe en haut, en qualité de duc de Bretagne, et l'autre dans le fourreau le pointe en bas, comme connétable de France. Son motive pour conserver la charge de connétable, etoit, disoit il, d'honorer dans sa vieillesse une charge qui l'avoit honoré lui-même dans un âge moins avancé. On le peut compter au nombre des plus grands capitaines que la France ait eus à son service. Il avoit beaucoup de religion, il etoit liberal, aumônier, bienfaisant, et on ne peut guères lui reprocher que la hauteur et la violence, dont il usa envers les trois mini-

stres.' And yet this violence to the favourites may have been among the services, *qu'il rendit au roi, malgré ce prince même.*

Page 60.—*Led by a frenzied female.*

Yet in the preceding year 1428, the English women had concerned themselves somewhat curiously in the affairs of their rulers. "There was one Mistris Stokes with divers others stout women of London, of good reckoning, well-apparelled, came openly to the upper parliament, and delivered letters to the duke of Glocester, and to the archbishops, and to the other lords there present, containing matter of rebuke and sharp reprehension of the duke of Glocester, because he would not deliver his wife Jaqueline out of her grievous imprisonment, being then held prisoner by the duke of Burgundy, suffering her there to remain so unkindly, and for his public keeping by him another adultresse, contrary to the law of God, and the honourable estate of matrimony."

Page 60.—*Fix'd full her eye on Charles.*

Of this I may say with Scudery

O merveille estonnante, et difficile à croire!—
Mais que nous rapportons sur la foy de l'Histoire.

Alaric, L. 2.

The matter (says De Serres), was found ridiculous both by the king and his councell, yet must they make some triall. The king takes upon him the habit of a countri-

man to be disguised: this maid (being brought into the chamber), goes directly to the king in this attire, and salutes him *with so modest a countenance, as if she had been bred up in court all her life.* They telling her that she was mistaken, she assured them it was the king, although she had never seene him. She begins to deliver unto him this new charge, which, she sayes, she had received from the God of Heaven; so as she turned the eyes and minds of all men upon her.

Ce prince prit exprès ce jour-là un habit fort simple, et se mêla sans distinction dans la foule des courtizans. La fille entra dans la chambre sans paroître aucunement étonnée, et quoiqu' elle n' eût jamais vu le roi, elle lui adressa la parole, et lui dit d'un ton ferme, que Dieu l'envoyoit pour le secourir, pour faire lever le siège d'Orléans, et le conduire à Reims pour y être sacré. Elle l' assura que les Anglois seroient chassés du Royaume, et que s'ils ne le quittoient au plutôt, il leur en prendroit mal.

P. Daniel.

Page 61.—*Crown thee the anointed king.*

The anointing was a ceremony of much political and mystical importance. "King Henry III. of England, being desirous to know what was wrought in a king by his unction, consulted by letter about it with that great scholler of the age Robert Grossetest bishop of Lincoln, who answered him in confirmation. 'Quod autem in fine literæ vestræ nobis mandastis, videlicet quod inti-

maremus quid unctionis sacramentum videatur adjicere regiæ dignitati, cum multi sint reges qui nullatenus unctionis munera decorentur, non est nostræ modicitatis complere hoc. Tamen non ignoramus quod regalis inunctio signum est prerogativæ susceptionis septiformis doni sacratissimi pneumatis, quod septiformi munere tenetur rex inunctus præeminentius non unctis regibus omnes regias et regiminis sui actiones dirigere; ut videlicet non communiter sed eminentér et heroicè dono *Timoris* se primò, et deinceps, quantum in ipso est, suo regimini subjectos, ab omni cohibeat illicito; dono *Pietatis* defendat subveniat et subveniri faciat viduæ, pupillo, et generaliter omni oppresso; dono *Scientiæ* leges justas ad regnum justè regendum ponat, positas observet et observari faciat, erroneas destruat; dono *Fortitudinis* omnia regno adversantia repellat et pro salute reipublicæ mortem non timeat. Ad prædicta autem præcellenter agenda dono *Concilii* decoretur, quo artificialitèr et scientificè ordo hujus mundi sensibilis edocetur; deinde dono *Intellectus*, quo cœtus Angelici ordo dinoscitur. Tandem verò dono *Sapientiæ*, quo ad dilucidam cognitionem Dei pertingitur, ut ad exemplar ordinis mundi et ordinis angelici secundum leges æternas in æterna Dei ratione descriptas, quibus regit universitatem creaturæ, rempublicam sibi subjectam ordinabiliter regat tandem et ipse. Adjicit igitur regiæ dignitati unctionis sacramentum quod rex unctus præ cæteris in suo genere debet, ut prætactum est, ex septiformi spiritus munere, in omnibus suis regiminis actibus, virtutibus divinis et heroicis pollere.'

" And some other have conceived this anointing of such efficacy, that, as in baptisme all former sinnes are washt away, so also by this unction, as we see in that of Polyeuctus patriarch of Constantinople, who doubted not but that the emperor John Tzimisces was cleerd, before Heaven, of the death of Phocas, thro' his being anointed emperor."

Selden's Titles of Honour.

The legend of the Ampulla made this ceremony peculiarly important in France. I quote the miracle from Desmarests. Clovis is on his knees waiting to be anointed by St. Remigius.

Cependant le prelat attend les huiles saintes.
Un Diacre les porte, et fait un vain effort;
La foule impenetrable empesche son abord.
Du Pontife sacré la douce impatience,
Des mains & de la voix veut en vain qu'il s' avance.
Nul ne peut diviser, par la force des bras,
De tant de corps pressez l'immobile ramas.
Le prince humble, à genoux, languissoit dans l' attente,
Alors qu'une clarté paroist plus éclatante,
Esteint tous autres feux par sa vive splendeur,
Et répand dans le temple une divine odeur.
Dans un air lumineux une Colombe vole,
En son bec de coral tenant une fiole.
Elle apporte au prelat ce vase precieux,
Plein d'un baume sacré, rare present des Cieux.

Clovis.

Guillermus Brito says that the devil brake the viol of oil which St. Remigius held in his hand ready to

anoint Clovis, and that the oil being so spilt, he obtained by prayer a supply of it from heaven.

Selden.

Page 62.—*The Doctors of theology.*

Ces paroles ainsi par elle dictes, la fist le roy remener honorablement en son logis, & assemble son grand conseil, au quel furent plusieurs prelats, chevaliers, escuyers & chefs de guerre, avecques aucuns docteurs en theologie en loix & en decret, qui tous ensemble adviserent qu'elle seroit interrogue par les docteurs, pour essayer si en elle se trouveroit evidente raison de pouvoir accomplir ce qu'elle disoit. Mais les docteurs la troverent de tant honneste contenance, & tant sage en ses paroles, que leur revelation faicte on en tent tres grand conte.

Diverses interrogations luy furent faictes par plusieurs docteurs & autres gens de grand estat, a quoy elle respondit moult bien, & par especial a un docteur Jacobin, qui luy dist, que si Dieu vouloit que les Anglois s'en allassent, qu'il ne falloit point de armes; a quoy elle respondit, qu'elle ne vouloit que peu de gens qui combattroient, & Dieu donneroit la victoire.

From the history of the siege of Orleans. Troyes. 1621.

In the *Gesta Joannæ Gallicæ of Valerandus Varanius*, one of the counsellers makes a speech of seventy lines upon the wickedness of women, mentioning Helen, Beersheba, Semiramis, Dalilah, Messalina, &c. as examples. The council are influenced by his opinion, and

the Maid, to prove her mission, challenges any one of them to a single combat.

Quâ me stultitiâ, quâ me levitate notandam
Creditis o patres? armis si forsitan, inquit,
Apta minus videar, stricto procurrere ferro
Annuite; hæc nostri sint prima pericula martis,
Si cuique vis tanta animo, descendat in æquæ
Planiciem pugnæ; mihi si victoria cedat
Credite victrici; noster si vicerit hostis
Compede vincta abeam, et cunctis sim fabula sæclis.

Page 68.—*Ruin'd now.*

Hanc virginem contigit pascendo pecora in sacello quodam vilissimo, ad declinandam pluviam obdormire; quo in tempore visa est se in somnis a Deo, qui se illi ostenderat, admoneri.

Jacobus Philippus Bergomensis de claris mulieribus.

Joanna Gallica Puella, dum oves pascit, tempestate coacta in proximum sacellum confugit, ibi obdormiens liberandæ Galliæ mandatum divinitus accepit.

Bonfinius.

Heroinæ nobilissimæ Joannæ Darc Lotheringæ vulgo Aurelianensis Puellæ historia. Authore Joanne Hordal serenissimi ducis Lotheringæ consiliario. Ponti-Mussi. 1612.

Page 68.—*Saint Agnes stood.*

Insanus judex eam nudam ad lupanar pertrahi jussit. At ubi beata virgo vestibus exuta est, statim crine soluto, tantam capillis densitatem ejus divina gratia

concessit, ut melius illorum fimbriis, quam vestibus tecta videratur. Introgressa quidem Agnes turpitudinis locum, Angelum Domini præparatum invenit: eam mox tanto lumine perfudit, ut præ magnitudine splendoris, a nemine conspici posset.

The exclamation of St. Agnes at the stake should not be omitted here. "Then Agnes in the midst of the flames, stretching out her hands, prayed unto the Lord, saying, 'I bless thee, O Almighty Father! who permittest me to come unto thee fearless even in the flames. For behold! what I have believed, I see; what I have hoped, I possess; what I have desired, I embrace with my hands. Therefore I confess thee with my lips, I desire thee with my heart, with my inmost entrails; I come to thee, the living and the true God!' The whole passage as it stands in Acti Sanctorum is very fine. *Tunc Vicarius Aspasius nomine, jussit in conspectu omnium ignem copiosum accendi, & in medium eam præcepit jactari flammarum. Quod cum fuisset impletum, statim in duas partes divisæ sunt flammæ, & hinc atque illinc sedentes populos exurebant, ipsam autem B. Agnen penitus in nullo contingebat incendium. Eo magis hoc non virtutibus divinis, sed maleficiis deputantes, dabant fremitus inter se populi, & infinitos clamores ad cœlum. Tunc B. Agnes expendens manus suas in medio ignis his verbis orationem fudit ad Dominum: omnipotens, adorande, colende, tremende, Pater Domini nostri Jesu Christi, benedico te quia per filium tuum unigenitum evasi minas hominum impiorum & spurcitias diaboli impolluta transivi. Ecce & nunc per spiritum*

sanctum rore cœlesti perfusa sum; foeus juxta me moritur, flamma dividitur, & ardor incendii hujus ad eos a quibus ministratur, refunditur. Benedico te pater omnipotens, qui etiam per flammas, intrepidam me ad te venire permittis. Ecce quod credidi jam video, quod speravi jam teneo, quod concupivi manibus jam complector. Te igitur labiis confiteor, te corde, te totis visceribus concupisco. Ecce ad te venio vivum et verum deum!

Acta Sanct. Tom 2. p. 352, Jany. 21.
Vita S. Agnates. Auc. S. Ambrosio.

St. Agnes, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret, were the saints more particularly reverenced by the Maid of Orleans.

Page 72.—*Was silence to my soul.*

Thro' the scene are faintly heard
Sounds that are silence to the mind.

Charles Lloyd.

Page 83.—*Effaced the hauberk's honourable marks.*

Afin d' empêcher les impressions que ce treillis de fer devait laisser sur la peau, ou avait soin de se matelasser en dessous. Malgré ces precautions cependant il en laissait encore; ces marques s'appellaient *camois*, et on les faisait disparaître par le bain.

Le Grand.

Page 85.—*Then bow'd her to the sword of martyrdom.*

Such is the legend of St. Catharine, princess of Alex-

andria, whose story has been pictured upon sign-posts and in churches, but whose memory has been preserved in this country longer by the ale-house than by the altar. The most extravagant perhaps of Dryden's plays is upon this subject. In my former edition I had, ignorantly, represented Catharine as dying upon the wheel, and the description of her sufferings was far too minute. Dryden has committed the last fault in a far greater degree; the old martyrologies particularize no cruelties more revolting to the reader than he has detailed in the speech of Maximin when he orders her to execution.

From a passage in the *Jerusalem Conquistada* it should seem that St. Catharine was miraculously betrothed to her heavenly spouse. As the crusaders approach Jerusalem, they visit the holy places on their way,

Qual visita el lugar con llanto tierno,
Donde la hermosa virgen Caterina
Se desposo con el Esposo eterno,
La Angelica Rachel siendo madrina;
Aquel Esposo, que el nevado invierno
Se cubrio con escarcha matutina,
El que tiene los ojos de palomas
Y del labio de lirio vierte aromas.

Lope de Vega.

The marginal note adds La Virgen fue Madrina en los desporios de Caterina y Christo.

Of St. Margaret, the other favourite saint of the Maid, I find recorded by Bergomensis, that she called the pagan præfect an impudent dog, that she was thrown

into a dungeon, where a horrible dragon swallowed her, that she crossed herself, upon which the dragon immediately burst and she came out safe, and that she saw the devil standing in the corner like a black man, and seized him and threw him down.

Absurd as this legend is, it once occasioned a very extraordinary murder. A young Lombard after hearing it, prayed so earnestly for an opportunity of fighting with the devil like St. Margaret, that he went into the fields in full expectation that his desire would be gratified. A hideous old dumb woman came by: he mistook her for the tempter; her inarticulate noises confirmed him in this opinion, and he knocked her down and trampled upon her. The poor wretch died of her bruises, but a miracle was wrought to save her murderer in consideration that his madness was a pious madness, and before she died, she spoke to excuse the mistake. This tale is told in that strange collection of ludicrous stories upon religious subjects the *Pia Hilaria*. The authority referred to is *Petr. Rausani hist. lib.* 35.

Page 86.—*The sacred sword.*

Puella petiit gladium, quem divinitus uti aiebat, erat facta certior in templo divæ Catherinæ in Turonibus, inter antiqua donaria pendere. Miratus Carolus, gladium inquiri, ac inventum protinus Puellæ afferri jussit.

Polydore Virgil.

Roland, or rather Orlando, for it is Ariosto who has immortalized him, was buried with *Durindana* at his

side, and his horn *Olifant* at his feet. Charlemain also had his good sword *Joyeuse* buried with him. He was placed in his sepulchre on a golden throne, crowned and habited in his imperial robes, though a *cilicio* was next his skin; one hand held a globe of gold, the other rested on the gospels, which were lying on his knees. His shield and sceptre were hung opposite to him, on the side of the sepulchre, which was filled with perfumes and spices, and then closed. *Tizona* was buried with the Cid, no living man being worthy to wield that sword with which Rodrigo, even after death, had triumphed; and which had been miraculously half drawn from the scabbard to avenge the insult offered by a Jew to his corpse.

Page 88.—*They partook the feast.*

Cette cérémonie chez les grands s'annonçait au son du cor, ou au son d'une cloche; coutume qui subsiste encore dans les couvens et les maisons opulentes, pour annoncer le couvert et le dîner. Après le service des viandes, c'est-à-dire, après ce que nous appellons entrées, rôti et entremets, on sortait de table pour se laver les mains une seconde fois, comme chez les Romains de qui paraît être venu cet usage. Les domestiques desservaient pendant ce tems; ils enlevaient une des nappes et apportaient les confitures (qu'on nommait *epices*) et les vins composés. A ce moment, fait pour la gaieté, commençaient les devis plaisans et joyeux propos, car dans ce bon vieux tems on aimait beaucoup de rire.

C'était alors que les ménétriers venoient réciter leurs fabliaux, lorsqu'on admettait leur présence.

Le Grand.

Page 88.—*Or luscious with metheglin mingled rich.*

Il y avait plusieurs sortes de ces vins préparés qu'on servait après les viandes. 1. les *Vins cuits*, qui sont encore en usage dans quelques provinces, et qui ont conservé le même nom. 2. Ceux auxquels on ajoutait le suc de quelque fruit, tels que le *Moré*, fait avec du jus de mûre. 3. Ceux qu'on assaisonnait avec du miel, comme le *Nectar*, le *Medon*, &c. 4. Ceux où l'on faisait infuser des plantes médicinales ou aromatiques, et qui prenaient leur nom de ces plantes, *Vins d'Absinthe, de Myrthe, d'Aloès, &c.* Le Roman de Florimont les appelle *Vins herbez*. 5. Enfin ceux dans lesquels, outre le miel, il entrait des épices. On appellait ces derniers du nom général de *Piments*. C' étoient les plus estimés de tous. Nos auteurs n'en parlent qu'avec délices. Il eût manqué quelque chose à une fête ou à un repas, si on n' y eût point servi du piment: et l'on en donnait meme aux moines dans les couvens à certains jours de l'année.

Le Grand.

Page 88.—*Of Cornwall.*

Sir Tristam du Lyones.

Page 89.—*The dolorous stroke.*

Sir Balin le Sauvage.

Page 89.—*Like that divinest Tuscan.*

Ariosto.

Page 92.—*Thou canst not with thy golden belt.*

Du proverbe *Bonne renommee vaut mieux que ceinture doree.*

Lisant un arrest ancien qui est encores pour le jourd'huy inseré aux registres du Chastelet de Paris, j'estimay qu'en ce proverbe il y avoit une notable sentence, et une longue ancienneté tout ensemble. Car par arrest qui est du 28 de Juin 1420, il est porté en termes exprés que deffenses sont faites à toutes femmes amoureuses, filles de joye, et paillardes de ne porter robbes à collets renversez, queües, ne ceintures dorees, boutonnieres à leurs chaperons, sur peine de confiscation et amende, et que les huissiers de parlement, commissaires & sergents du Chastelet qui les trouveroient, eussent à les mener prisonnieres.

Au surplus (je diray cecy en passant) à la mienne volonté que ceux qui donnerent cest arrest eussent tourné la chance, et que non seulement ces ceintures dorees, ains en toutes autres dorures, et affliquets, ils eussent fait deffences à toutes femmes d'honneur d'emporter, sur peine d'estre declarees putains: car il n'y auroit point plus prompt moyen que cestuy, pour bannier le superfluité & bombance des dames.

Pasquier.

Page 96.—*I know myself.*

Hæc igitur Janna Pulcella virgo, cum magnam gloriam in armis esset adepta, et regnum Francorum magnâ ex parte deperditum, e manibus Anglorum pugnando eripuisset, in suâ florente ætate constituta, non solum se moriturum, sed et genus suæ mortis cunctis prædixit.

Bergomensis.

Page 97.—*There is a path.*

There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.

Job xxviii. 7, 8.

Page 98.—*As they did hear the loud alarum bell.*

"In sooth the estate of France was then most miserable. There appeared nothing but a horrible face, confusion, poverty, desolation, solitarinesse and feare. The lean and bare labourers in the country did terrifie even theeves themselves, who had nothing left them to spoile but the carkasses of these poore miserable creatures, wandering up and down like ghostes drawne out of their graves. The least farmes and hamlets were fortified by these robbers, English, Bourguegnons and French, every one striving to do his worst: all men of war were well agreed to spoile the countryman and merchant. *Even the cattell, accustomed to the larume bell, the signe of*

the enemy's approach, would run home of themselves without any guide by this accustomed misery.

This is the perfect description of those times, taken out of the lamentations of our ancestors, set down in the original, says De Serres. But amidst this horrible calamity, God did comfort both the king and realme, *for* about the end of the yeere, he gave Charles a goodly sonne by queen Mary his wife."

Page 98.—*Was as a pilgrim.*

O my people, hear my word: make you ready to the battle, and in those evils, be even as pilgrims upon the earth.

2 *Esdras*, xvi. 40.

Page 98.—*Cast the weak nature off.*

Let go from thee mortal thoughts, cast away the burdens of man, put off now the weak nature.

And set aside the thoughts that are most heavy unto thee, and haste thee to flee from these times.

2 *Esdras*, xiv. 14, 15.

Page 105.—*Worthy a happier.*

Digna minus misero, non meliore viro.

Ovid.

Page 107.—*And I must put away all mortal thoughts.*

2 *Esdras*, xiv. 14.

Page 116.—*Ruin ramp'd round us.*

"To succeed in the siege of Orleans, the English first secured the neighbouring places, which might otherwise have annoyed the besiegers. The months of August and September were spent in this work. During that space they took Mehun, Baugenci, Gergeau, Clery, Sully, Jenville, and some other small towns, and at last appeared before Orleans on the 12th of October."

Rapin.

Page 120.—*Soon sadden'd Orleans.*

"The French king used every expedient to supply the city with a garrison and provisions, and enable it to maintain a long and obstinate siege. The lord of Gaucour, a brave and experienced captain, was appointed governor. Many officers of distinction threw themselves into the place. The troops which they conducted were inured to war, and were determined to make the most obstinate resistance: and even the inhabitants, disciplined by the long continuance of hostilities, were well qualified in their own defence, to second the efforts of the most veteran forces. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this scene; where, it was reasonably supposed, the French were to make their last stand for maintaining the independence of their monarchy, and the rights of their sovereign."

Hume.

Page 120.—*The sire Chapelle.*

This title was not discriminately used by the French. Chapelle is sometimes stiled le sire, and sometimes gentilhomme de Beausse by Daniel. The same title was applied to the Almighty, and to princes, and Selden observes from Pasquier, "these ancient barons affected rather to be stiled by the name of sire than baron, and the baron of Coucy carried to that purpose this rithme in his device:

Je ne suis roy ne prince aussi,
Je suis le sire de Coucy."

Page 120.—*Can never wield the crucifix which hilts*
His hallowed sword.

"At the creation of a knight of Rhodes a sword with a cross for the hilt was delivered to him in token that his valour must defend religion. No bastard could be a knight hospitaller, from whose order that of Rhodes was formed, except a bastard to a prince, there being honour in that dishonour, as there is light in the very spots of the moon."

Fuller's Historie of the Holy Warre.

Page 120.—*And that young duke.*

Alençon.

Page 120.—*La Hire, the merriest man.*

"In the late warres in France between king Henry the fifth of England and Charles the seventh of France, the French armie being in distresse, one captain La

Hire, a Frenchman, was sent to declare unto the said French king the estate and affaires of the warre, and how for want of victuals, money, and other necessaries, the French had lost divers townes and battailes to the English. The French king being disposed to use his captaine familiarly, shewed him such thinges as himself was delighted in, as his buildings, his banquets, faire ladies, &c. and then asked the captaine how hee liked them: 'Trust me, sir," quoth the captaine, speaking his mind freely, 'I did never know any prince that more delighted himself with his losses, than you doe with yours.'"

Stowe.

La Hire had just time before an engagement to make a general confession of his sins, and tell his confessor that they were all of them very soldier-like ones. This done, he made this prayer, "Dieu je te prie, que tu fasses aujourd'hui pour La Hire, autant que tu voudrois que La Hire fit pour toi, s'il etoit Dieu et tu fusses La Hire." The epitaph of Thomas Hodmandod was evidently suggested by this ill-directed jest of La Hire. It is surprising how few witticisms are original.

Page 120.—*Of ruin.*

"They pulled down all the most considerable buildings in the suburbs, and among the rest twelve churches and several monasteries; that the English might not make use of them in carrying on the siege."

Rapin. Monstrelet.

Page 122.—*No more the merry viol's note was heard.*

The instrument which most frequently served for an accompaniment to the harp, and which disputed the pre-eminence with it in the early times of music in France, was the viol; and indeed, when reduced to four strings, and stript of the frets with which viols of all kinds seem to have been furnished till the 16th century, it still holds the first place among treble instruments under the denomination of violin.

The viol played with a bow, and wholly different from the vielle, whose tones are produced by the friction of a wheel which indeed performs the part of a bow, was very early in favour with the inhabitants of France.

Burney's History of Music.

Page 124.—*Call'd on saint Aignan's name.*

St. Aignan was the tutelary saint of Orleans. He had miraculously been chosen bishop of that city when Attila besieged it. "Comme les citoyens effrayez eurent recours a leur prelat, luy, sans se soucier, pour le salut de siens, sortit de la ville et parla a Attila. Mais ne l'ayant pu flechir, il se mit en prieres, fit faire des processions, et porter par les rues les reliques des saints. Un prestre s'etant mocqué, disant, que cela n'avoit de rien profité aux autres villes, tomba roide mort sur la place, portant par ce moyen la peine de son insolente temerité. Apres toutes ces choses, il commanda aux habitans de voir si le secours n'arrivoit point; ayant été repondu que non, il se remet en

prieres, et puis leur fait mesme commandement: mais n'appercevant point encore de secours, pour la troisieme fois il se prosterna a terre, les yeux et l'esprit vers le Ciel. Se sentant exaucé, il fait monter a la guerite et luy rapporte-t-on que l'on ne voyoit rien si non une grosse nuée de poussiere, il assuere que c'etoit le secours d'Ætius et de Teudo Roy des Goths, lesquels tardans a se montrer a l'armee d'Attila, S. Aignan fut divinement transporte en leur camp, et les advertit que tout estoit perdu, s'ils attendoient au lendemain. Ils parurent aussi-tost, et forcerent Attila de lever si hâtivement le siege, que plusieurs des siens se noyerent dans la Loire, d'autres s'entretuerent avec regret d'avoir perdu la ville. Et non contens de cette victoire, le poursuivirent si vivement avec le Roy Merouee, qui se vint joindre a eux, qu' ils le defirent en battaille rangée pres de Châlons, jonchant la campagne de 180,000 cadavres."

Le nouveau Parterre des fleurs des vies des Saints. Par P. Ribadeneira, Andre du Val et Jean Baudoin. Lyons 1666.

Page 127.—*At Troyes.*

"By the treaty of Troyes, Charles was to remain in quiet possession of the royal dignity and revenues. After his death the crown, with all its rights and dominions, devolved to Henry and his heirs. The imbecility of Charles was so great that he could not appear in public, so that the queen and Burgundy swore for him."

Rapin.

Page 131.—*Salisbury, their watchful chief.*

"The besiegers received succours in the very beginning of the siege; but the earl of Salisbury, who considered this enterprize as a decisive action for the king his master, and his own reputation, omitted nothing to deprive the besieged of that advantage. He run up round the city sixty forts. How great soever this work might be, nothing could divert him from it, since the success of the siege entirely depended upon it. In vain would he have pursued his attack, if the enemies could continually introduce fresh supplies. Besides, the season, now far advanced, suggested to him, that he would be forced to pass the winter in the camp, and during that time be liable to many insults. Among the sixty forts, there were six much stronger than the rest, upon the six principal avenues of the city. The French could before with ease introduce convoys into the place, and had made frequent use of that advantage. But after these forts were built, it was with extreme difficulty that they could, now and then, give some assistance to the besieged. Upon these six redoubts the general erected batteries, which thundered against the walls."

Rapin.

Page 131.—*The six great avenues meet in the midst.*

Rheims had six principal streets meeting thus in one centre where the cathedral stood.

Au centra de la ville, entre six avenues,
S' eleve un sacré temple a la hauteur des nues.

Chapelain.

I know not whether towns were usually built upon this plan.

Page 131.—*Possess'd the Tournelles.*

"The bulwark of the Tournelles being much shaken by the besiegers cannon, and the besieged thinking it proper to set it on fire, the English extinguished the flames, and lodged themselves in that post. At the same time they became masters of the tower on the bridge, from whence the whole city could be viewed."

Rapin.

Page 132.—*The wild-fire balls shower'd thro' the midnight sky.*

Drayton enumerates these among the English preparations for war.

"The engineer provided the petard
To break the strong portcullies, and the balls
Of wild-fire devised to throw from far
To burn to ground their palaces and halls."

And at the siege of Harfleur he says,

"Their brazen slings send in the wild-fire balls."

"Balls of consuming wild-fire
That lickt men up like lightning, have I laught at,
And tost 'em back again like childrens trifles."

B. and F. The Mad Lover.

"I do command that particular care be had, advising

the gunners to have half butts with water and vinegar, as is accustomed, with bonnets and old sails, and wet mantles to defend fire, that as often is thrown.

" Every ship shall carry two boats lading of stones, to throw to profit in the time of fight on the deck, forecastle or tops, according to his burden.

" That the wild-fire be reparted to the people most expert, that we have for the use thereof, at due time; for that if it be not overseen, giving charge thereof to those that do understand it, and such as we know can tell how to use it; otherwise it may happen to great danger."

Orders set down by the duke of Medina to be observed in the voyage toward England.

Harl. Misc. vol. i.

" Some were preparing to toss balls of wild-fire, as if the sea had been their tennis-court."

Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks.

Harl. Misc. vol. i.

Page 132.—*Poisonous pollution.*

Thus at the siege of Thin sur l' escault. " Ceulx de lost leur gectoient par leur engins chevaulz mors & autres bestes mortes et puantes, pour les empuantir, dont ilz estoient la dedans en moult grant destresse. Car lair estoit fort et chault ainsi comme en plein este, et de ce furent plus constrains que de nulle autre chose. Si considerent finablement entre eulx que celle messaise ilz ne pourroient longuement endurer ne souffrir, tant leur estoit la punaisie abhominable."

Froissart 1. 38.

This was an evil which sometimes annoyed the besieging army. At Dan "pour la puantise des bestes que lon tuoit en lost, et des chevaulx qui estoient mors, lair estoit tout corrumpu, dont moult de chevaliers et escuyers en estoient malades et merencolieux, et sey alloient les plusieurs, refreschir a Bruges et ailleurs pour eviter ce mauvais air."

Froissart 1. 175.

Page 132.—*Shrouded in unwholesome vaults.*

At Thin sur l' Escault, "La fist le duc charier grant foison d'engins de Cambray et de Douay, et en y eut six moult grans, le duc les fist lever devant la forteresse. Lesqlz engins gectoient nuyt et jour grosses pierres et mangonneaulx qui abatoient les combles et le hault des tours des chambres et des salles. Et en contraignoient les gens du Chastel par cest assault tresdurement. Et si nosient les compaignons qui le gardoient demourer en chambres nen sales quilz eussent, mais en caves & en celiers."

Froissart 1. 38.

Page 133.—*Eager to mark the carrion crow for food.*

Scudery has a most ingenious idea of the effects of famine: during the blockade of Rome by the Goths, he makes the inhabitants first eat one another, and then eat themselves.

La rage se meslant à leurs douleurs extrêmes,
Ils se mangent l'un l'autre, ils se mangent eux-mesmes.

Alaric.

Fuller expresses the want of food pithily. "The siege grew long, and victuals short."

Page 134.—*When in the sun the angel of the Lord.*

And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God:

That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them.

Revelation, xix. 17, 18.

The same idea occurs in Ezekiel, though not with equal sublimity.

And thou, son of man, thus saith the Lord God, speak unto every feathered fowl, and to every beast of the field. Assemble yourselves, and come; gather yourselves on every side to my sacrifice that I do sacrifice for you, even a great sacrifice upon the mountains of Israel, that ye may eat flesh and drink blood.

Ye shall eat the flesh of the mighty, and drink the blood of the princes of the earth, of rams, of lambs, and of goats, of bullocks, all of them fatlings of Bashan.

And ye shall eat fat till ye be full, and drink blood till ye be drunken, of my sacrifice which I have sacrificed for you.

Thus ye shall be filled at my table with horses and chariots, with mighty men, and with all men of war, saith the Lord God.

Ezekiel xxxix. 17, &c.

Page 139.—*Prevent the pangs of famine.*

Fuller calls this "resolving rather to lose their lives by wholssale on the point of the sword, than to retail them out by famine."

Page 142.—*As when the Mexicans.*

"It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the conclusion of one of their centuries the sun and earth would be destroyed. On the last night of every century they extinguished all their fires, covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the sacred fire on the mountain of Huixachtla was believed an omen of their safety,

Clavigero.

Page 149.—*The veins were full.*

Φαιης κεν γυιων νιν οσον σθενος ελλοπιευειν·
Αι δε οι ωδηκασι κατ' αυχενα παντοθεν ινες,
Και πολιω πιρ ιοντι· το δε σθενος αξιον αθας.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ.

Page 149.—*His silence threaten'd.*

Son silence menace.

Le Moyne.

Page 150.—*See the fire consume him.*

Reasons for burning a trumpeter.

"The letter she sent to Suffolk was received with scorn, and the trumpeter that brought it commanded to

be burnt, against the law of nations, saith a French * author, but erroneously, for his coming was not warranted by the authority of any lawfull prince, but from a private maid, how highly soever self-pretended, who had neither estate to keep, nor commission to send a trumpeter."

Fuller's Profane State.

Page 152.—*In sight of Orleans and the Maiden's host.*

De Serres says, "the trumpeter was ready to be burnt in the sight of the besieged."

Page 153 —*As he that puts it off.*

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off.

1 *Kings*, 20, 11.

Page 153.—*As when Chederles comes.*

"A ripâ fluminis Halys venimus ad Goukurthoy; inde Choron; post in The Ke Thioi. Hic multa didicimus a monachis Turcicis, quos Dervis vocant, qui eo loco insignem habent ædem, de heroe quodam Chederle summâ corporis atque animi fortitudine, quem eundem fuisse cum nostro D. Georgio fabulantur; eademque illi ascribunt quæ huic nostri; nimirum vasti et horrendi draconis cæde servasse expositam virginem. Ad hæc alia adjiciunt multa, et quæ libitum est, com-

* De Serres.

miniscuntur; illum per longinquas oras peregrinari solitum, ad fluvium postremo pervenisse; cujus aquæ bibentibus præstarent immortalitatem. Qui quidem fluvius, in quâ parte terrarum sit, non dicunt; nisi fortassis in Utopiâ collocari debet: tantum affirmant illum magnis tenebris, multâque caligine obductum latere; neque cuiquam mortalium post Chederlem, uti illum videret, contigisse. Chederlem vero ipsum mortis legibus solutum, huc illuc in equo præstantissimo, qui similiter ejusdem aquæ haustu mortalitatem exuerit, divagari, gaudentem præliis, adesse in bello melioribus, aut iis qui ejus opem imploraverint, cujuscunque tandem sint religionis."

Busbequius.

The Persians say, that Alexander coming to understand, that in the mountain of Kaf there was a great cave, very black and dark, wherein ran the water of immortality, would needs take a journey thither. But being afraid to lose his way in the cave, and considering with himself that he had committed a great oversight in leaving the more aged in cities and fortified places, and keeping about his person only young people such as were not able to advise him, he ordered to be brought to him some old man, whose counsell he might follow in the adventure he was then upon. There were in the whole army but two brothers named Chidder and Elias who had brought their father along with them, and this good old man bad his sons go and tell Alexander, that to go through with the design he had under-

taken, his only way were to take a mare that had a colt at her heels, and to ride upon her into the cave, and leave the colt at the entrance of it, and the mare would infallibly bring him back again to the same place without any trouble. Alexander thought the advice so good, that he would not take any other person with him in that journey but those two brothers, leaving the rest of his retinue at the entrance of the cave. He advanced so far that he came to a gate, so well polished, that notwithstanding the great darkness, it gave light enough to let him see there was a bird fastened thereto. The bird asked Alexander what he would have? he made answer that he looked for the water of immortality. The bird asked him, what was done in the world? Mischief enough, replies Alexander, since there is no vice or sin but reigns there. Whereupon the bird getting loose and flying away, the gate opened and Alexander saw an angel sitting, with a trumpet in his hand, holding it as if he were going to put it to his mouth. Alexander asked him his name. The angel made answer his name was Raphael, and that he only staid for a command from God to blow the trumpet, and to call the dead to judgement. Which having said, he asks Alexander who he was? I am Alexander, replied he, and I seek the water of immortality. The angel gave him a stone and said to him, go thy wayes, and look for another stone of the same weight with this, and then thou shalt find immortality. Whereupon

Alexander asked how long he had to live? The angel said to him, till such time as the heaven and the earth which encompass thee be turned to iron. Alexander being come out of the cave, sought a long time, and not meeting with any stone just of the same weight with the other, he put one into the balance which he thought came very near it, and finding but very little difference, he added thereto a little earth, which made the scales even; it being God's intention to shew Alexander thereby, that he was not to expect immortality till he himself were put into the earth. At last Alexander having one day a fall off his horse in the barren ground of Ghor, they laid him upon the coat he wore over his armour, and covered him with his buckler to keep off the heat of the sun. Then he began to comprehend the prophecy of the angel, and was satisfied the hour of his death was at hand; accordingly he died.

They add to this fable, that the two brothers Chidder and Elias drunk of the water of immortality, and that they are still living but invisible, Elias upon the earth, and Chidder in the water; wherein the latter hath so great power, that those who are in danger of being destroyed by water, if they earnestly pray, vowing an offering to him, and firmly believing that he can relieve them, shall escape the danger.

Amb. Trav.

Khidir and *Elias* occupy a distinguished place in the legion of prophets. The name of the first signifies

verdant, alluding to the power which he possessed of producing, wherever he trod, the most beautiful and enchanting verdure. These two are regarded as the protectors and tutelary gods of travellers; the former upon the sea, the latter upon the land; and they are thought to be incessantly employed in promoting these salutary objects. In their rapid and uniform courses, they are believed to meet once a year at *Mina*, in the environs of *Mecca*, the day on which the pilgrims are assembled.

D'Ohsson's Hist. of the Othoman Empire.

Page 156.—*The swords that late flash'd to the evening sun.*

Now does the day grow blacker than before,
The swords that glistered late, in purple gore
Now all distain'd, their former brightnesse lose.
May's Edward III.

And again, Book 7.

The glittering swords that shone so bright of late
Are quickly all distain'd with purple gore.

Page 158.—*Of blessed Mary vowed the vow of peace.*

Il advint a luy et a toute sa gent, estant devant Chartres, qui moult humilia et brise son courage; car entendis que ces traicteurs Francois alloient et preschoient ledit roy et son conseil, et encores nulle response agreable nen avoient eue. Une orage une tempeste et une fouldre si grande et si horrible descendit du

ciel en lost du roy Dangleterre quil sembloit proprement que le siecle deust finer. Car il cheoit si grosses pierres que elles tuoyent hommes et chevaulx, et en furent les plus hardis tous esbahis. Adoncques regarda le roy Dangleterre devers leglise de nostre dame de Chartres, et se voua et rendit devotement a nostre dame, et promist, et confissa sicomme il dist depuis quil se accordoit a la paix.

Froissart.

But while he lodged there (before Chartres), his army making a horrible spoile of the whole country, there chanced an occasion, as the work of Heaven, which suddenly quailed his ambitious design to ruin France: for behold a horrible and extraordinary tempest of haile, thunder, and lightning, fals with such violence as many horses and men in the army perished, as if that God had stretched forth his hand from heaven to stay his course.

De Serres.

Page 162.—*Deep thro' the sky the hollow thunders roll'd.*

The circumstance of the Maid's entering Orleans at midnight in a storm of thunder and lightning is historically true.

"The Englishmen perceiving that thei within could not long continue for faute of vitaile and ponder, kepte not their watche so diligently as thei wer accustomed, nor scoured not the countrey environed as thei before had ordained. Whiche negligence the citezens shut-

in perceiving, sent worde therof to the French capitaines, which with Pucelle in the dedde tyme of the nighte, and in a greate rayne and thundre, with all their vitaile and artilery entered i to the citie."

Hall fol. 127.

Shakespear also notices this storm. Striking as the circumstance is, Chapelain has omitted it.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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